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EASTERN TROUBLES.

THE impending Afghan war is not for the moment a subject of profitable discussion. The professional opinions of military men may be valuable, but they ought to be scrupulously reserved for the consideration of the responsible authorities. The disgraceful practice of exposing secrets to the enemy in the columns of newspapers is not the less censurable because it is apparently irrepressible. Until the conscience of writers and editors becomes more delicate, every English army will go to war with an equipment of communicative spies, maintained at the cost of the country. There is but too much reason to anticipate a collision with a more formidable enemy than the Ameer of CABUL; but it perhaps may not be too late to check the insolent proceedings of Russia in Turkey by a display of resolution, even if defensive diplomatic combinations prove to be unattainable. Only three years ago Prince GORTCHAKOFF repeated the assurance that Afghanistan lay outside the sphere of Russian operations. On a former occasion he had even urged the English Government to exercise absolute control over the AMEER's policy; but it is true that, with the characteristic rashness of exaggerated timidity, Mr. GLADSTONE, in a speech in the House of Commons, virtually rejected the overture. While Russian apologists were careful to justify the proceedings of their Government, they plausibly suggested that the probability of a rupture with England furnished an excuse for the aggressive measure of despatching a mission to Cabul. At the beginning of the late complications such a statement was published in the Russian papers, with the addition that in consequence of the change of circumstances in Europe the Envoy would be immediately recalled from Cabul. It might certainly have been assumed that the settlement of Berlin remitted the English and Russian Governments to their former relations, so that Afghanistan was once more excluded from Russian interference. A delay on the part of General KAUFMANN or his emissaries in obeying the orders of the Government might have been explained away. It is now known that the hostile act of sending the mission was the result, not of the expectation of war, but of the conclusion of peace. No Russian agent had been openly received at Cabul till the Treaty of Berlin was formally concluded. Orders were then instantly sent to Tashkend to organize a conflict between Afghanistan and the Indian Government, which might, as it was hoped, prevent England from insisting with effect on the performance of the treaty. The Russian newspapers now unanimously protest against the re-establishment of English influence in the country which, according to the declaration of their Government, was to be regarded as a political dependency of England. They also contend that Russia ought to provide the AMEER with artillery, money, and officers in the coming struggle. It is not even pretended that the independence of Afghanistan is necessary for the security of the Russian possessions in Central Asia. The AMEER is to be assisted as a step to the future conquest of India, and also for the purpose of crippling the diplomacy of England in Eastern Europe.

Prince DONDOUKOFF, representing the Russian Government in the Turkish provinces occupied by the invading army, avows with cynical and calculated frankness his contempt for the engagements solemnly undertaken by the EMPEROR. He publicly denounces the Treaty of

Berlin as a grotesque arrangement, which he professes himself unable to regard as serious. All his measures are strictly in accordance with his language; and his agents are employed in the familiar task of contriving insurrections against the Porte which may furnish an excuse for prolonged Russian occupation. No secret is made of the connexion between Russian encroachments in Turkey and the intrigues which have involved England in an Afghan war. The Peace Societies which are now engaged in agitation against measures of self-defence would do well to consider the attitude of the Russian Government in reference to the Treaty of Berlin. No projector has suggested any alternative for war except voluntary agreement or the award of impartial arbitrators. Where adverse parties find it possible to agree there can be no need of judicial intervention. The Treaty of Berlin is composed of voluntary covenants between the two principal signatories, confirmed by the intervention of comparatively neutral Powers. All the States were represented at Berlin by their principal Ministers; and Russia, like England, was bound in honour, as well as by the obligations of international law, to perform the agreements embodied in the treaty. The exclusion of Eastern Roumelia from the new Bulgarian State had been fully discussed and deliberately conceded; yet Prince DONDOUKOFF, who undoubtedly acts under the orders of his Government, makes no secret of his intention to draw the boundaries of Bulgaria in accordance with the provisions of San Stefano. Some of the rumoured measures of the Russian Government are probably apocryphal. It is difficult to believe that at the last moment the transfer of the Dobrudscha to Roumania has been made conditional on the cession of a part of Moldavia to Russia, or on the grant of a perpetual military right of way. Although it may be difficult to assign any limits to the audacity of Russian diplomacy, it seems improbable that a useful ally should be wantonly offended, and that the suspicions of Europe should once more be aroused. Prince GORTCHAKOFF cannot but feel confident that the Roumanian Government will in the future as in the past offer facilities to Russia for fresh aggressions on Turkey.

Ostentatious repudiation of treaties is not to be encountered by verbal remonstrance. No argument can make clearer the wrongs which are intentionally perpetrated in Turkey and in the remoter East. Like NAPOLEON in a former generation, the Emperor of RUSSIA has, with the apparent approval of his subjects, emancipated himself from the restraints of public law and of international morality. Where no promise is binding negotiation is useless; and yet it is not absolutely certain that a hostile policy points to war. The Russian Government may perhaps have resolved to effect certain objects at the cost of war; but it may also have hoped to obtain the same results by arrogant menace. Reliance may perhaps be placed at St. Petersburg on the English party which served the Russian cause so well during the Bulgarian agitation; and it may also be thought that the Afghan war will exhaust the resources of England, and render resistance in Europe impossible. Although there is no standard by which the force of ambition and passion can be measured, it is certain that war would be dangerous, if not ruinous, to Russia. The Treaty of Berlin would not have been signed if the EMPEROR and his advisers had thought it prudent to go to war; and it is difficult to see why the same enterprise should now be considered easier or more

desirable. The finances of the Empire are in an embarrassed condition, and a war with England would almost certainly cause a suspension of payments, with consequent inability to contract future loans. There can be little doubt that Turkey would take the opportunity of shaking off intolerable oppression. The Turkish armies proved in the last campaign that they were not to be despised, and the population would furnish the materials of a formidable force under English officers. The confused state of Austrian politics may perhaps encourage the hope that the Court of Vienna would remain neutral, especially as the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH and the chief officers of the army are believed to favour the Russian cause. On the other hand, it would, in the event of a war between Russia and England, be difficult to repress the excitement of Hungary and of the patriotic party in all parts of the monarchy. It has been observed that the Russian papers have of late occasionally suspended their denunciations of England for the purpose of vituperating Austria. The relations between Austria and the Porte have latterly become more friendly, especially since the announcement that the army of occupation will not advance to Novi Bazar. It is not the business of English politicians to give advice to a foreign Power which unnecessarily assumes the position of an enemy. It is more material to impress on the English Government the duty of prudent firmness. If peace is at all possible, it can only be maintained by a resolute defiance of Russian threats. An enemy must not be allowed to select at his own convenience the occasion of quarrel or the field of action. It may be hoped that, notwithstanding the strange measure of addressing a fresh appeal to SHER ALI, the Government is not about to yield to foreign insolence, or to shrink before factions opposition at home. Sir W. HARCOURT, in his complacent contemplation of the expected success of Russian perfidy and the anticipated humiliation of England, forgets too entirely that the country as well as the Government has an interest in the controversy. If the Treaty of Berlin has really lasted only forty days, the fault rests with the arrogant Power which violates its pledges, and not with the English statesmen who relied on Russian honour. The greatness of England and the safety of India are to less zealous partisans more valuable than the result of any possible squabble for office. On another occasion Sir W. HARCOURT will do well to restrain the exultation which is produced by public danger or disaster.

OPPOSITION CRITICISM.

HITHERTO the Ministry have had the chief part of such provincial starring as the recess has witnessed, but now the hour of the Opposition has come, and Mr. GLADSTONE at Rhyl and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at Scarborough have taken their turn. If the respective speaking is looked at merely as speaking, it must be allowed that the Opposition has much the best of the battle. The Ministers spoke far too much, and spoke so as to make no impression on the country. They regarded themselves as on their defence, and kept on saying that, as a matter within their personal knowledge, the Cabinet was singularly good and wise. The Opposition come forward with great advantages under these circumstances. They can attack, and it is always far easier to attack than to defend. Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT are much more brilliant and effective speakers than Mr. CROSS and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; and, what is more important, the turn of events has been recently against the Ministry. Trade has become more and more depressed, and sufferers always like to hear some one beyond their own circle set down as, in part at least, the cause of their distress. The previsions of those who expected that the occupation of Bosnia would be a military promenade have been singularly disappointed, and not only has Austria had to win her way at the point of the sword, but the internal dissensions which the cost of the expedition has provoked have crippled the Austrian Government in the pursuit of a European policy. The Turks have been more foolish and perverse than it could have been imagined even Turks would be. There has been much sickness among the troops in Cyprus; and an unforeseen difficulty has been created by the demands made on the AMEER and their rejection. The Ministry is altogether in a position of considerable embarrassment, and the speakers of the Opposition naturally say that it has to thank itself for the

trouble it has created. There can be no doubt that they honestly think this; and, if they think it, there is no reason why they should not say it. They are exactly in the position which Mr. DISRAELI occupied when, in the latter days of the GLADSTONE Ministry, he delivered his bitter and biting indictment against the rival who then held the office which he aspired to win. The Opposition, on whichever side it may be, does not, however, make power its principal aim. It desires to see a different policy prevail. Every Ministry is of course bound to a large degree by the acts of its opponents. What has been done in the name of the nation cannot be easily reversed. The Conservatives had to find the money for the abolition of purchase in the army, and a new Liberal Government would have Cyprus on its hands. But, in the first place, a change of Ministry would prevent the commission of what the Opposition would consider new blunders in the same direction as the old; and, in the next place, the actual situation is always in some degree changed by the tone and temper in which those who have to deal with it approach it. A new set of difficulties might be created by the advent of a Liberal Ministry to power, but some of the difficulties which now beset us might possibly disappear. If leading Liberals believe that their success in the approaching party struggle in the constituencies will benefit the nation, they are quite right in striving to achieve success. It is the essence of their case that the policy of the Ministry has been wrong, and that its disastrous consequences are now apparent; and to make their case out they are obliged to go behind the sanction which the existing Parliament has given to the Ministerial policy, just as Mr. DISRAELI, in seeking to establish his case, was obliged to go behind the sanction which the measures of his opponents had acquired by being then the law of the land.

The speech of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, clever as it was, threw no light on what ought now to be done, and its exuberant liveliness was certainly not in harmony with the anxious spirit which the present position of the country is calculated to provoke in the mind of a sober and patriotic statesman. He might reply that it is not his business to say what he and his friends would do if they were in office, and that he is at liberty to show the amusement which the mistakes of his opponents awaken in his mind. This may be a good answer from the point of view of party warfare, but only from that point. As a rhetorical sally, nothing could have been more telling than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's reply to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's justification of the occupation of Cyprus—that it was intended as a model farm to show the Turks what the true English style of farming is. This was a most unhappy suggestion, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could safely appeal to the experience and sympathy of his hearers when he asked them how much poor struggling occupiers of land learn from the example of grand gentlemen who have any amount of capital at their command and can farm according to their whims. The Turks would be certain to answer Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that they, too, would try to farm well if he would only be kind enough to give them the capital to start with. But a rhetorical triumph at Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's expense does not show what we are to do with Cyprus now we have got it; and it is to be assumed that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could not possibly have supposed that it did. In the same way it is easy to show that the Treaty of Berlin has not begun to work, and to appeal from theory to facts when it is said that it brought peace to European Turkey. But it is quite another thing to determine whether England can allow Russia to violate, if she so pleases, the treaty which she chose to sign. The criticism of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was legitimate criticism of the acts of the Government; but it was only criticism, and nothing more. Its use as a guide can only be to connect the acts of the Ministry with their general policy, and, by showing that this policy is dangerous, to put the nation on its guard against being led by them for the future. There is no reason why a leader of the Opposition should not do this if he can. But he necessarily weakens his attack if, in making it, he lays himself open to an easy retort. It is hard to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE does his cause much good even with enthusiastic Welshmen by constantly repeating his charge against the Ministry of doing everything in a secret and mysterious manner. It must do its business in the only way in which such business can be done. It could not negotiate with the AMEER at all if it took

the English public into its confidence at every stage of the process. If it was wise to make the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it was indispensable to make it before the intention to make it was revealed. It may be noticed, too, that Mr. GLADSTONE sometimes shows himself as impervious to the real arguments of other people when he is defending himself as when he is attacking adversaries. At Rhyl he thought it worth while to go back to the old story of the *Alabama* award, and asked whether his critics objected to accepting arbitration, or, if arbitration was accepted, to paying the award. The objection felt by many Englishmen to what took place was a totally different one. What they objected to was not arbitration, or compliance with the decision of the arbitrators, but the agreement that England should be judged according to newfangled rules of international law, invented for that one occasion to her detriment.

Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion at Rhyl to refer to one small subject of a personal character. Towards the end of last Session Lord BEACONSFIELD, in addressing the House of Lords, accused Mr. GLADSTONE of having applied abusive epithets, not only to his political but to his personal character. When Mr. GLADSTONE wrote to ask what these abusive epithets were, and when they had been used, Lord BEACONSFIELD replied that to give a proper answer search must be made into the reports of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches. Three months have elapsed, and Mr. GLADSTONE still awaits the result of the search. These altercations between men of such great political eminence are painful to the public. The simple fact is that, in the arrogance of a moment of popular triumph, Lord BEACONSFIELD forgot the courtesy and dignity he ordinarily preserves, and when he came to a better mind he thought the matter had better drop; and Mr. GLADSTONE may be content that no more should be said about it. It is much more important to seek for information as to whether the Ministry really has an ambitious and aggressive policy. It is quite certain that many of its supporters and many of those who affect to speak in its name have such a policy. It is also undeniable that the impression produced on the minds of Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON was that some at least of their colleagues were in danger of running into such a policy. It may perhaps also be admitted that, according to one interpretation to which the Anglo-Turkish Convention is open, it would be in harmony with such a policy. But it is only fair to take into consideration what tells the other way. The Ministry allowed Turkey to be crushed rather than support what it considered a bad Government. It allowed a large portion of the population of European Turkey to be taken out of the control of this bad Government. It made a private compact by which it sanctioned the acquisition by Russia of great territorial and strategic advantages. Its subordinate, the Viceroy of INDIA, has been very pronounced and very indiscreet in his support of such a policy; but the Ministry has not allowed him to have everything his own way. When Quettah was occupied Lord SALISBURY stated that the occupation was not to be regarded as involving any change in our frontier policy; and the Ministry has now expressly overruled the VICEROY, and ordered him to give the AMEER one more chance of putting things right. As it is the writings of the foolish supporters of the Ministry that are put before the constituencies, it is quite right for the Opposition which wishes to convert the constituencies to expose the dangers and absurdity of the policy with the acceptance of which the Ministry is credited by its friends. But this is very different from saying that the Ministry is justly credited with it. Probably there are impulses in the Cabinet one way, and impulses the other way, and between the two influences the Cabinet may not do anything very remarkable one way or the other. That Lord BEACONSFIELD has a fixed determination to embark England in an ambitious and aggressive policy, and that he always imposes his will on the Cabinet, is easy to say, but difficult to prove. The facts do not seem to accord with the theory. At any rate, some of his colleagues do not seem to know what is happening, and Mr. CROSS and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE do not talk as if an ambitious and aggressive policy had been imposed upon them. It is doubtful whether the attacks of the Opposition on the Ministry made on this general ground are just and well founded, except for electioneering purposes. As ordinary fire-eating Conservatives insist that their chiefs have such a policy, their Liberal adver-

saries naturally assume for the purpose of argument that the fact is so, and proceed to show the electors what a dreadfully bad policy it is, and that the best way to save the country is to displace the Ministry.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "ELECTORAL FACTS."

MR. GLADSTONE'S latest party pamphlet would do credit to a young writer anxious to make himself known to ex-Secretaries of the Treasury or subordinate managers of elections. The "Electoral Facts" which Mr. GLADSTONE condescends to discuss are the results of casual contests since the last general election. If his figures are correct, seven seats, or fourteen votes, have been gained by the Liberals; and Mr. GLADSTONE proceeds to infer that the same proportion will hold at a general election. "These seven seats have been won upon eighty-three elections; but upon a dissolution there will be nearly eight times eighty-three elections ($8 \times 83 = 664$). If, then, there are eight times as many seats transferred to the Liberals, that is to say, fifty-six seats, the Ministerial majority against 'the field,' which was fifty-six at the end of 1874, 'would be converted into a minority of an equal number.'" Mr. GLADSTONE'S turf metaphors are not felicitous, for "the field" does not mean less than half the horses in a race; but his meaning is sufficiently clear, and it is highly uninteresting. No sane man will modify his opinion on any question of foreign or domestic politics because one party has won seven seats from the other in four or five years. As Mr. GLADSTONE himself shows, the Opposition to his own Government gained seats much more rapidly; and, instead of deducing from the facts by a rule-of-three sum the probable corresponding result of a dissolution, he thought at the beginning of 1874 that he could at once retrieve his losses by an appeal to the country. There is no idler occupation than prophecy, except when it tends to its own accomplishment. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. GLADSTONE'S forecast may be justified by the event; and, on the other hand, it is possible that the Government may retain or increase its majority. As half-a-dozen partisans of the Ministry are probably by this time engaged in contradicting Mr. GLADSTONE'S statistics and refuting his arguments, anticipation of their labours would be equally superfluous and distasteful. The disputants on both sides, as far as they have any practical purpose, hope to influence the votes of that portion of the community which prefers the winning side. If the Liberal party was quite certain of gaining fifty-six or seventy-six seats at the next general election, it would probably gain many more. In 1874 the later contests were visibly affected by the early triumphs of the Opposition. It would well become the minor literary hacks of the Liberal party to play for the benefit of their employers on a familiar weakness of human nature. They have reason to complain that they are superseded in their occupation by the omnivorous activity of their restless leader.

Not satisfied with his own sanguine calculations, Mr. GLADSTONE earnestly warns Liberal constituencies against the deleterious tendency of internal divisions. He has satisfied himself that at the last election the party lost no less than ten seats by starting two or more candidates, where one might have been returned. It is, he says, to prevent this form of mismanagement that the Birmingham machinery has been invented; and he confidently hopes that vicious independence or want of discipline will be generally superseded by organized faction. Even when he wrote one instance of Liberal anarchy provoked his earnest remonstrance. Four Opposition candidates at Peterborough seemed likely to open the way for a Conservative triumph. If the *Nineteenth Century* had been published two or three days later Mr. GLADSTONE would have been relieved from anxiety. He seems not to have been aware that the Birmingham system was in operation at Peterborough, and that the elected Committee had declared in favour of one among three professed advocates of the working classes. After Mr. GLADSTONE wrote, Mr. POTTER and Mr. MACLIVER were compelled or induced to withdraw their pretensions; and an otherwise unknown Mr. RAPER became the nominee of the Two Hundred or Three Hundred. The strength of the Conservative party would certainly not have justified a contest, if it had not seemed possible that the minority might snatch a victory from their divided opponents; yet Mr. LAWRENCE obtained more votes than the accepted candidate of the

Caucus. An aristocratic Whig, who had apparently not sought the support of the Three Hundred, defeated Mr. RAPER by more than two to one. Other considerations may perhaps further qualify Mr. GLADSTONE's satisfaction with the result of the Peterborough election. Mr. FITZWILLIAM, a young man of twenty-six, is undoubtedly chosen as the representative of a family which has long enjoyed great local influence. His father, Lord FITZWILLIAM, though an hereditary Whig, has seldom taken an active part in politics; but during the Bulgarian agitation he felt it his duty publicly to denounce the mischievous policy of the noisy philanthropists, and especially of Mr. GLADSTONE. The election of Mr. FITZWILLIAM, as far as it indicates political opinion, would seem to show that Peterborough disapproves of the disastrous clamour which produced the Russian invasion of Turkey. The same remark will apply to more than one Liberal candidate at recent elections. Mr. GREY in South Northumberland, and Mr. OTWAY at Chatham, avowed opinions on foreign policy diametrically opposed to Mr. GLADSTONE's doctrines. Some contests have been decided by the discreditable acceptance of the pledges imposed by the managers of the Irish vote; yet it would be absurd to suppose that any English borough approves of Home Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE's rule-of-three sum may perhaps work out in accordance with his expectations; but his figures have no moral value.

There can be little doubt that, in the absence of disturbing causes, the Liberal party is the stronger. The Conservatives are still powerful in the counties, though, since the institution of the Ballot, the landowners are wholly dependent on the farmers. If the last Reform Bill had not been passed, the ten-pound householders would by this time have given the Conservatives an overwhelming majority in the boroughs; but household suffrage will ultimately incline to the Liberal cause. The election which will take place in 1879 or 1880 will in all probability be determined by a condition of foreign affairs which cannot possibly be foreseen. An engineer would decline to adjust a ship's compasses if he were required to undertake the task with a vast and variable mass of iron close at hand. The external force would render his calculations futile; and in the same manner it is a waste of time to reckon up votes which will be affected by peace or war in Roumelia and Afghanistan. Nearly all politicians will admit that the Government would have been defeated on an appeal to the country during the Bulgarian craze. Indeed Mr. GLADSTONE disinterestedly recommended a dissolution when all the rabble in the country was shouting at his heels. On the other hand, the Liberal party would have been scattered to the winds in a general election during last March or April. It is easy to sneer with Mr. GLADSTONE at the meeting in the Guildhall, or at other popular demonstrations; but before this had occurred the Birmingham Club had prepared a series of meetings to attack the Government, and the agitation was summarily abandoned because the managers were, rightly or wrongly, convinced that the mass of the people were, to their great surprise, concerned for the honour of the country. The oscillations of feeling and passion in the next two years may probably be still more violent and sudden. An Afghan or a Russian war, however unwelcome, might in the first instance produce either irritation against its alleged authors or sympathy with the official champions of national right. As the contest proceeded, the popularity of the Government would depend almost exclusively on the fortune of war. Liberals of the school of Sir W. HARCOURT would perhaps defeat their own purpose by ostentatiously triumphing in the military defeats as in the diplomatic miscarriages of their own country; but, on the whole, distress and disappointment would operate against the Government. The pleasure of driving Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues from power will not be unmixed. A Liberal Government would succeed to an inheritance of difficulty and danger abroad, and it would find a difficulty in agreeing on some main points of domestic policy. In a crisis like the present it is not a little strange that a statesman of Mr. GLADSTONE's rank should occupy himself with small party details and with frivolous calculations. The main proposition which he undertakes in his essay on "Electoral Facts" to demonstrate can scarcely be controverted. If the number of seats divided by eight gives a gain of seven seats, the same figure multiplied by eight will give a product of fifty-six.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS OF EGYPT.

THE financial and political crisis through which Egypt has been and is still passing has necessarily thrown into the shade the working of the system of International Tribunals, which, however, was the first decisive step in Egyptian reform, and was the great achievement of NUBAR PASHA. It introduced into Egypt a large and valuable element of Western thought, and it secured in the chief towns the continual presence of a set of highly-educated Europeans who were entirely free from the reproach of being in any way adventurers. On the whole, the system has worked well, but its operation has been beset by many unavoidable difficulties. These tribunals are, to a large extent, the offspring of the old Consular jurisdictions. Each European nation, under the old Capitulations with the Porte, claimed to have the right of protecting its subjects against other foreigners, against the Government, and against the natives of the country. It was agreed between the KHEDEVE and the Governments with which he had to deal that a very large part of the jurisdiction of the Consuls should be surrendered into the hands of a set of judges nominated by the KHEDEVE on the recommendation of the principal States interested in the arrangement. A Code was drawn up, which was the work of a French lawyer, and is with few variations a reproduction of the French Code. Tribunals of Appeal and of First Instance were instituted, and it was laid down that all proceedings should be conducted, at the option of the parties, in French or Italian. The general benefit to Egypt and to foreigners residing in Egypt has been so great that the inherent imperfections of the scheme cannot be regarded as in any way justifying its condemnation. But time and experience have shown that imperfections in it exist. Being the offspring of independent jurisdictions, it is the parent of international jealousies. As these independent jurisdictions were numerous, the judges were too numerous, and, being too numerous, they have been ridiculously underpaid. Then, as the whole arrangement was the fruit of separate treaties between Egypt and a variety of Powers, there is a great want of elasticity in the system. As the treaties stand, so must the whole system be worked, and no changes can be made in it during the five years for which the experiment was to be tried. Where the Code is faulty or incomplete, its faults cannot be rectified or its insufficiency made good. The principle on which it ought to be interpreted is also open to much uncertainty. The French Code, of which it is for the most part a reproduction, has been subjected to innumerable interpretations, and although there is no necessity that these interpretations should be accepted by the Egyptian tribunals, there is always a great chance, but still an uncertain chance, that they will be. As French and Italian are the only two languages in which pleadings can be conducted or judgments delivered, the judges of other nations are at a disadvantage. Of course they can learn, or may have already learned, two important European languages sufficiently well to understand what is said, and to write with general accuracy what they wish to say. But a judgment composed in a foreign language is never the adequate exposition of the mind of a judge. He is obliged to use technical expressions which are not his technical expressions, and the language he is obliged to use is the master of his thoughts. England has been conspicuously fortunate in the choice made of its representatives on the tribunals; but an English judge who has to work a French Code and give judgment in French or Italian cannot give Egypt the full benefit of English thought and knowledge.

The tribunals have no jurisdiction as between natives. Their purpose is entirely different from that which it is said we propose to effect in Asiatic Turkey, where we ask that justice shall be dealt out, not to foreigners, but to the mass of the population. But they have jurisdiction against the Egyptian Government. This arises from the fact that the old Consular jurisdictions were instituted for the protection of foreigners, and the tribunals have inherited their powers. The Code therefore provides that, when questions arise such as would be in the competence of the Court if an ordinary native were a party to the suit, they shall also be in the competence of the Court if it is the Government that is sued. But it is one thing for the tribunal to give a judgment, and another to get it executed. The KHEDEVE has simply declined to let the tribunals execute judgments against him. The tribunals have no machinery of justice at their disposal, and when any question arises between them and the KHEDEVE, no-

thing but diplomatic pressure can make the sovereign of the country do what he does not wish to do. Constant collisions between the KHEDEVE and the tribunals have thus occurred, and it is not to be wondered at that they should have occurred. In special instances the KHEDEVE may have been wrong; but it is not a merit, but an imperfection, of the system that the tribunals should nominally have a jurisdiction over the sovereign which would not be tolerated in any free and civilized country. It is a remnant, and a mischievous remnant, of the old subjection of Egypt. That this subjection should have existed was an excellent thing when Europeans had no better protection than that of the interference of their respective Governments. But, if the question of the present day is how justice can be best administered in Egypt so far as foreigners are concerned, there is no reason why foreigners should have any privileges against the Egyptian Government which they would not have against their own. So long as the KHEDEVE keeps his promise to work entirely through a Ministry in which France and England are permanently represented, it is in every way desirable that his Government should have the ordinary status of Governments in civilized countries.

If it is asked what improvements could be made in the present system when the five years for which it is to last in its present shape have elapsed, the answer must be that it will be practically very difficult to establish what is theoretically best. International jealousies will throw endless difficulties in the way of any improvement, and the two reforming Powers, having achieved the difficult task of agreeing between themselves, will have to persuade a great variety of jealous Powers who have scarcely any real interest in Egypt, and are sure to find fault with everything proposed, or else to set them at defiance and dictate what shall be done; and as among these Powers are Germany and Russia, it will require some courage to take so high a line. But, if the best that could be thought of could be done, it is not very hard to see in what direction improvements should be made. In the first place, the number of judges should be reduced and their pay increased. In spite of the reduction, the number of English and French judges should be greater. The Code should be revised by a Commission formed out of the present Court of Appeal. The special jurisdiction over the Government should be abolished, while, on the other hand, the machinery of justice should be made more effective. Whether it would be desirable that English should be added to the official languages is perhaps doubtful. It would be a considerable advantage to the country if this could be done, as an English Bar could then practise, and Egypt, like other countries, has quite as much to learn from English legal thought as from French. But, as things are now, it is hard to see how the Courts could go on with their business when English was used. No one in Egypt except the English knows any English. The intercourse between the KHEDEVE or his officials and Englishmen is carried on in French. To the judges and the Bar English is little better known than Turkish; and the French start with an advantage in their written Code and their language which we cannot rival. But it is not possible that the introduction of European justice into Egypt should stop where it is now. The new Ministry will have to protect the humblest subjects of the KHEDEVE, and for this local courts in which there is a strong European element must be formed. Here other nations have no recognized right to intervene. There will be only too much room for international jealousy if none but French and English judges are appointed; and there is no occasion to widen the area of dispute and difference. As the language of the natives must be used for the proceedings and judgments, as well as for such elementary regulations as will suit the requirements of Egyptian peasants, French and English judges will have no advantage over each other. It will only be when proceedings on appeal are allowed that any question as to the undue prominence of either nation can arise; and here no solution would be satisfactory unless the Appeal Court, whatever it might be, was so constituted that French or English might be used in it indifferently.

CARDINAL CULLEN.

THE appointment of a successor to Cardinal CULLEN will probably be expected in Ireland with a certain interest and curiosity, though the special confidence of the POPE is not necessarily reposed in the prelate who occupies the see of Dublin. In the Romish as in the Anglican hierarchy, the Archbishop of ARMAGH is titular Primate; but it is probably found convenient that the real chief of the Papal Church should reside in the capital. Cardinal CULLEN was transferred from Armagh to Dublin some years before he was raised to the rank of Cardinal; and he was at all times regarded as the authorized representative of the Holy See in Ireland. Nearly fifty years ago Dr. MURRAY, then Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, cultivated friendly relations with the English Government and even with Archbishop WHATELY. His good sense and moderation had not a little facilitated the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, for the English supporters of emancipation were bent on persuading others, as they had convinced themselves, that the bigotry of Rome was an obsolete relic of the Middle Ages surviving only by the artificial aid of persecution. Lord MELBOURNE afterwards said that all the fools were on one side and all the wise men on the other, and after all the fools proved to be in the right. Catholic Emancipation indeed was a measure as expedient as it was just; but many of the reasons by which it was recommended were founded on utter ignorance of the nature of Romanism. Dr. MURRAY's character and language encouraged the illusion that the abolition of obvious grievances would convert Roman Catholic priests into contented and loyal subjects. Another active prelate, who still survives in extreme old age, has consistently exhibited an opposite type of ecclesiastical activity. Archbishop MACHALE was held up by his associate O'CONNELL to popular admiration by the ornate title of the Lion of the Tribe of JUDAH. In prosaic language he was an intolerant, prejudiced, and turbulent politician, who was as much a malcontent Irishman as a spiritual dignitary. While the Holy See dreaded every form of popular movement, Archbishop MACHALE was always engaged in agitation against the English Government. In those days even Irish Catholics were scarcely better acquainted than English Protestants with the traditional policy of Rome. The courteous Dublin correspondent of the Duke of WELLINGTON and the fierce demagogue of Tuam, though they were both sincere Roman Catholics, were essentially national in their sympathies and their political conduct. During the agitation for the repeal of the Union, the episcopacy and the priesthood were rather followers of O'CONNELL than instigators and directors of his policy.

Pius IX. devoted himself from his accession to the establishment of the concentrated despotism which has been the only compensation for the loss of temporal power and of influence over national Governments. The comparative independence of the Irish hierarchy was inconsistent with his system; and he showed unusual judgment of character in selecting Dr. CULLEN as his agent for reducing a faithful but self-willed community to obedience. It was necessary that the chief instrument of the Holy See should be Irish by birth, but Dr. CULLEN had by education and long residence become an Italian monk, exempt from national prejudice or predilection. As Archbishop and Cardinal he discharged with undeviating fidelity his mission of promoting exclusively the predominance of the Church. His first employment was to withdraw the clergy from the political conflicts in which they seemed likely to merge their ecclesiastical functions; but nothing was further from Cardinal CULLEN's thoughts than the suppression or mitigation of hostile feelings between the Irish populace and the English Government. In political questions, except when the Protestant Establishment was concerned, Cardinal CULLEN generally affected indifference, but he justly resented Lord JOHN RUSSELL's foolish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and he regarded with still deeper repugnance the encouragement which Lord PALMERSTON and his principal colleagues afforded to Italian independence. Under his control the Roman Catholic bishops have steadily opposed all projects of mixed education. Whether or not the Irish people might profit by improved culture and by the association of members of different sects, Cardinal CULLEN would not incur the risk of reducing in the smallest degree the orthodox exclusiveness of his Church. He was perhaps, even

for his own purposes, mistaken in rejecting the compromises which were successively offered by Lord MAYO and Mr. GLADSTONE; but a consistent ecclesiastical bigot cannot be expected to display the elastic pliability of a statesman. To Cardinal CULLEN, as to PIUS IX., the absolute obedience of the faithful was more indispensable than even the extension of ecclesiastical influence.

Cardinal CULLEN's opposition to the Fenian conspiracy, which was the most creditable of his public acts, may probably be attributed to mixed motives. He perhaps deprecated a rebellion which was unlikely to prove successful; and he distrusted, with reason, the character and policy of ringleaders who were intimately allied with American Republicans. The Fenian agitators, though they courted the alliance of the Irish priesthood, were of the same class with the deadliest enemies of Rome in Germany, Italy, and France. Communists and followers of GARIBALDI would, if they had succeeded in their plans, have been more difficult to deal with than English Ministers or Lord-Lieutenants. Cardinal CULLEN's frequent denunciations of the Fenian plot were useful; and yet they were framed so as to avoid any expression of loyalty, or even of regard for public tranquillity. The comminations of the Church were carefully confined to the accidental circumstance that Fenianism was constituted as a secret society. Cardinal CULLEN formally censured, not the design of robbery, of murder, and of anarchical revolution, but the comparatively harmless obligation of secret oaths. He invariably reminded the faithful that the Holy Father had excommunicated the Freemasons; and that the Fenians had, by their secret organization, brought themselves within the compass of the official curse. The Manchester and Clerkenwell murderers were therefore as culpable as the late Earl of ZETLAND or as the PRINCE OF WALES. There was a kind of feminine or monkish spite in the affectation of identifying the Fenians with a body which, as Cardinal CULLEN must have known, is in England a convivial, charitable, and wholly innocuous club. His Irish adherents perhaps obeyed his injunctions to abstain from Fenianism the more readily because his warnings seemed also to apply to an unoffending body of English gentlemen and tradesmen.

Cardinal CULLEN had probably little leisure for theology after his arrival in Ireland; and, as might have been expected, he readily concurred in all the doctrinal extravagances of his spiritual chief. He eagerly accepted the Syllabus, the Immaculate Conception, and the dogma of Papal infallibility, as he would have acquiesced in a declaration made on the same authority that the POPE had two heads or three arms. He may perhaps have been surprised at the capricious emotion which was produced in the minds of some inconsistent schismatics by innovations which never troubled the intellectual repose of the Roman Catholic laity. Whatever may be the dangers which have induced the German Government to persecute the Roman Catholic clergy, the Vatican Council has produced no kind of political change in Ireland. The Synod of Thurles had condemned mixed education before PIUS IX. had added a single article to the creed. Those who admire with Lord MACAULAY the versatility of the Roman Catholic Church may quote Cardinal CULLEN as an example of the fitness of a prelate for the particular services which he was employed to render to the Holy See. He bore no resemblance to an equally eminent ecclesiastical dignitary who died a week or a fortnight earlier. Bishop DUPANLOUP was more showy and more accomplished, and he was known perhaps to a wider circle; but Cardinal CULLEN probably exercised greater influence because he ruled over a simpler and more docile community. It may be conjectured that the present POPE will choose a successor of similar temper and character. An agitator might cause annoyance to the Government, but he would scarcely increase the influence of the Church. It is not an unmixed advantage that throughout Europe the Roman Catholic priesthood is more and more losing its influence over the mass of the population, for the most questionable kind of moral discipline is better than anarchy. In the days of the League Rome could safely cultivate the alliance of insurgents and regicides; but now her interests are on the side of order. The Irish peasantry are the most obedient subjects still remaining to the POPE, and it would not be for his advantage to propagate disaffection which might perhaps ultimately change its object. It is difficult to feel entire respect for a functionary who has other political

objects than the promotion of the common welfare; but an Irish Archbishop or Cardinal, though he is in a false position, has many opportunities of doing good or of preventing evil.

THE SENATE AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE choice of the delegates who are to represent the Communes in the Senatorial elections has justified the confidence with which the Republican party have all along looked forward to the contest. The Senate will not remain the stronghold of reaction which it has been since its creation. Whether it will continue to discharge that function of revision and correction which is all that a Second Chamber can profitably claim cannot yet be determined, but it is certain that it will discharge no other. It is not easy to say what precise effect this change will have on the action of the Chamber of Deputies. There are some reasons for thinking that it will exert a moderating influence, and others for expecting the exact contrary. Hitherto a very Radical Bill has had a fair chance of being rejected by the Senate. In the future this check will be removed. Will the Deputies be more moderate or more excited in view of this change? Will they argue that, as the Senate will pass whatever they insist upon, they may now give the rein to their desires and make the Government as Radical as they can desire? Or will they feel that, now that the adoption of Radical measures by one Chamber involves their adoption by the other, it behoves them to be more careful what kind of measures they send up to the Senate? In the first case the existence of a Second Chamber will be purely mischievous; in the second case it will be purely negative. If the Chamber of Deputies stood alone the members would at least know that they must take the consequences of their own acts. No other body would have even the nominal power of undoing what they had done. With a Senate invested with a nominally co-equal authority even this fraction of responsibility may disappear. The laws made by the Legislature will in name be made by the Senate as well as by the Chamber of Deputies, and where the blame of going wrong is divided, it sometimes happens that both the parties who will ultimately share it become as careless of the result as though it were entirely the affair of the other. If, on the other hand, the knowledge that the Senate has virtually withdrawn from the struggle brings home more clearly to the Deputies that on them, and on them alone, depends the character and success of legislation, the assimilation of the Upper to the Lower House will be an undoubted advantage. But it will be an advantage which might equally have been gained by the abolition of the Second Chamber. At all events, whatever may be the result of the change as regards the policy of the Republican party, there is no question as to its result as regards their position. The Senate will no longer, even in wish, be on the side of the Right, and, by consequence, the Right will no longer, even in fancy, have any means of undoing the Republic.

One chief interest which it had been thought that the elections of the delegates would possess had been taken away before they were held. Among the arguments which the Liberals have used to recommend their candidature to the electors, one of the most weighty has been the need of convincing Marshal MACMAHON that the restoration of personal government had been rendered impossible. The conjectural willingness of the Senate to abet him in a second dissolution had been regarded as the only remaining danger to the Republic, and it was hoped that when this willingness altogether disappeared the MARSHAL might be disposed to accept as definitive what he had hitherto been suspected of only accepting as provisional. All speculations on the influence of this discovery on the MARSHAL'S mind were laid to rest last week. Marshal MACMAHON did not wait for the result of the elections to declare himself a convert to the Republic. He had persuaded himself, or had been persuaded, that the event was too little doubtful to make it expedient to wait for it. Thus the hopes which the reactionary party had built upon the Senate had really faded away before the future complexion of the Senate was determined. There is nothing in the MARSHAL'S career to suggest that, after he has volunteered the sort of assurance which he gave in his speech at the distribution of prizes, he will attempt to go back from his word. He has been untrue to his position

before now, but he has not been untrue to his own description of his position. When the Republicans were singing, with secret uneasiness, the praises of the loyal soldier at the head of the Government, the loyal soldier himself had been careful not to define of what manner of Government he considered himself the head. That Government was in succession a Royalist coalition and a Republican Septennate; but until last December it was never a Republic. The first was dissolved by the Count of CHAMBORED's persistence; the second failed to find acceptance with the electors; but Marshal MACMAHON had probably no misgivings as to the part he had to play at either time. It was not until he had surrendered himself to the Republic that he considered that he owed it anything whatever. Even after this his old friends did not quite give up the hope that he might yet be induced to make another effort to upset the Republic; but there is no evidence that the hope had any foundation. Now it has been disposed of once for all. To all appearance Marshal MACMAHON now considers himself the defender of the Republic in the same sense as he formerly considered himself the defender of the Conservative cause. He has agreed to do a certain thing, and he means to stand by his agreement. Whether this change is due to an enlightening process which has taught him that to upset existing institutions on the chance of replacing them by others which may be thought preferable in the abstract is a strange form of Conservatism, or simply to the discovery that he had no means of giving effect to this abstract preference, does not appear. But, in dealing with Marshal MACMAHON, these considerations as to his motives are unimportant. What is important is that he has of his own free will accepted the Republic as the Government to which France owes the progress which she has undoubtedly made during the last seven years; and that, having made this acknowledgment, he may be trusted not to revoke it.

The only argument which the Conservatives seem able to allege against this determination is that the Republicans are not genuinely attached to the existing institutions of France. The avowed purpose, they say, of the successful party in Sunday's elections is the suppression of the Senate. Now the Senate is the one obstacle to revolutionary designs which found a place in the Republican system. Its function, indeed, was but a small one. The Senate was not able to throw out all the Bills it would have liked to throw out, still less to pass all the Bills it would have liked to pass. Slight, however, as the barrier was, it was the only one, and the Conservatives were consequently agreed in magnifying the importance of the Senate in the constitutional scheme. How, they ask, can the party which wishes to alter the Constitution in this essential point be counted as well affected to the existing order of things? It is we, they say, who are the true Republicans, because we wish to keep the Constitution unimpaired. The Conservatives who reason in this way are either unwilling or unable to realize the vast difference that exists between a reform, however radical, in the framework of an institution, and the overthrow of the institution itself. A Republic without a Senate might be a very different thing from the existing Republic; but the distinction would be infinitely less marked than that between a Republic and a Monarchy. Yet it is this latter distinction that reactionary politicians of all schools desire to introduce. Instead of amending and improving the existing Constitution, their object is to sweep it away. To that large and increasing body of Frenchmen who are anxious, above all things, to make the best of the goods or ills they have rather than to risk the unknown dangers of another revolution, the latter attempt will seem a mere tempting of fortune. The Republic gives them all that they really care for—the essentials of good government. The reactionary argument is simply that, by the side of an idea, the fact that they are already enjoying the essentials of good government ought to go for nothing. That is not a kind of reasoning which is calculated to make its way with the majority of Frenchmen.

PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA.

WHEN the famine policy of the Government of India was under discussion last Session, it was agreed to refer the whole question of Indian Public Works to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The order of reference, indeed, restricted the inquiry to the expe-

diency of constructing public works with money raised on loan; but, inasmuch as the Government of India is not rich enough to execute public works without borrowing money to pay the cost of them, this limitation amounts to nothing. Since 1867, at all events, railways and irrigation works have always been constructed with borrowed money. They have been charged, that is, to the head "Extraordinary"; extraordinary meaning that the works were to be executed without reference to the state of the finances. If there was anything left out of the revenue of the year it would of course go to pay for them; if there was nothing left out of revenue a loan would be resorted to. It follows from this that the issue really laid before the Committee is, whether it is a good thing or a bad thing that large public works should be undertaken by the Government of India. An inquiry of this kind tends, almost of necessity, to become an inquiry into Indian finance generally. Putting aside the military expenditure, which is dictated by other than financial considerations and consequently cannot be reduced to meet financial needs, almost the only margin left to the Government of India is that which has to do with public works. The preservation of internal tranquillity and the maintenance of a sufficient criminal police are indispensable accompaniments of civil organization. A people which was left without the proper machinery for securing these ends would be a poorer people than one which is taxed to pay for such a machinery. But a people can exist without railways and without canals, though under certain circumstances and at certain periods it may be exposed to great suffering for want of them. It cannot be said, therefore, that the Government of India has no option in the matter. It may be quite justified in thinking that to make railways and canals is the true way of enriching the people, and so enabling them to bear the necessary weight of taxation with less suffering to themselves. But the question is by no means one which is answered as soon as stated. To know when taxation yields more to a nation than it takes away from it is to have worked out the most perplexing problem which a financier can propose to himself; and as regards India there has not been that amount of thought given to the question in this country which can enable Englishmen to form an opinion on it offhand. Indeed it is only quite lately that Englishmen have begun to think it necessary, or have even begun to consider whether it may become necessary, for them to form an opinion on it. But the more that is known about Indian finance, the less satisfactory the facts of the situation appear; while the course of European politics threatens to make the decision of Indian problems increasingly dependent on the policy of the Home Government. The compound result of these two tendencies is to augment, we can hardly say the interest, but certainly the concern, of Englishmen in Indian affairs. From the moment that Indian troops were summoned to redress the wavering balance of European strength, it was plain that Indian and English finance would be more and more intermingled. India retained and administered for its own sake only implies a very different collocation of ideas from India retained and administered, not for its own sake only, but for the sake of England as well.

The Select Committee have naturally not found a single Session long enough to complete the inquiry. They have examined barely a dozen witnesses, all of whom, though for different reasons, are in favour of executing public works, provided that they are the kind of works of which they approve. The other side—the side which holds that in the present condition of India public works are an extravagance—has yet to be heard; and it is from the evidence tendered on this side of the question that we may expect to gain most knowledge of the financial capabilities of the country. It is very difficult for an Indian official to have a perfectly unbiassed opinion on this point. He has been too much mixed up with the works already executed to balance fairly the good that they have done against the money that they have cost. In theory there ought to be no room for difference of opinion upon this head. The rule laid down for the construction of "extraordinary" public works was that they were not to be undertaken unless the Government of India were satisfied on full inquiry that they would pay. But so many large public works are still unfinished that the accuracy of the forecast which led to their being undertaken has still to be tested, while as regards those already finished there have

been some instances of miscalculation. Although, however, an Indian official may have no claim to have his opinion upon the policy of undertaking large public works accepted as conclusive, it is in his power to state fully what the case in favour of public works really amounts to, and thus to inform the Committee what are the precise points upon which it is expedient to hear the other side. The present inquiry is one in which the choice of witnesses will be a matter of the utmost importance. The Report of the Committee when it comes will either represent the opinion of only a bare majority of its members, or be so milk-and-water an affair that nobody will pay any attention to it. But the evidence, if the selection of witnesses is judicious, will constitute a storehouse of information upon all the points involved in the controversy.

The *prima facie* case in favour of a large expenditure on public works is certainly strong. The two main causes, it is said, of Indian poverty are the absence of adequate means of raising produce and the absence of adequate means of disposing of the produce already raised. In many parts of the country irrigation is indispensable to the proper cultivation of the soil; in all parts of the country roads and railways are indispensable to the proper distribution of the crops. The more abject the poverty of the Indian peasant is, the more essential it becomes to provide him with these necessities. Granted that he has only sixpence a week to live on, how can that sum be increased except by enabling him either to grow more produce or to sell what he has already grown to better advantage? The contention on the other side is that there is a degree of poverty which cannot rise to the height of reproductive expenditure. There is so little for the people to live on that it is dangerous to diminish it even for the purpose of ultimately making it larger. It may be true in the abstract that a man will be more likely to get on in the world if he has a decent coat on his back, but no one would think of advising a starving man to forego his food in order to have means with which to pay the interest on money borrowed for the purpose of buying new clothes. He would be told to rest content with his rags until he had raised himself somewhat above the point of absolute destitution. This is maintained by some writers to be the proper analogy to the condition of the Indian peasant. He is reduced, it is said, to live on less than is sufficient to keep him in ordinary health, and one cause at least of his being in this miserable plight is the taxation of an absolute necessity. The miserable food which is all that he can command is not commonly wholesome without salt; but so long as salt is taxed the ryot cannot afford to get it more than twice in a week. It is from men thus circumstanced that the Government takes money in order to make railways and canals. Very possibly, if they were once made, they would do all the good which their advocates say would follow from them; but the process of making them implies sacrifice, and the people of India are fallen so low that there is nothing left for them to sacrifice. It is an issue which well deserves to be thoroughly threshed out, and the Select Committee will be wanting in their duty if they leave out of sight any of the considerations involved in it. The reasons which make the decision doubtful are reasons associated with, and deriving their force from, the larger question of Indian finance generally. It is impossible to pass judgment on proposed improvements in irrigation or in carriage without taking into account, not only the profit to be ultimately derived from them, but also the ability of the people to bear the present loss which they will entail.

THE PRANKS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE professors of Social Science have never been regarded as dangerous, but they have been sometimes found to be dull. Indeed dulness was until quite lately thought to be their special attribute, and a taste for their deliberations has been commonly associated with a morbid appetite for sermons. Minds not sufficiently robust for the digestion of any other kind of intellectual food have found a mild refreshment in the annual proceedings of the Social Science Congress, where discussions carefully calculated neither to cheer nor to inebriate have hitherto been supplied in full measure. It was a pity, we think, to disturb the serene and happy atmosphere that belonged to these meetings; for if the Social Science Association is once tempted to sacrifice its dulness, it will find it hard to

win another distinction. It is true, no doubt, that some of the "extra-Parliamentary utterances" of leading politicians have recently appeared to compete with the Association upon its own ground. But the British public is nothing if not loyal. It would never have been persuaded to forget that the Social Scientists were the "original" dull people; and, however tedious and tiresome our statesmen might have become, they would not, we think, have wrested from the Association a following that had been won by years of mild and unproductive debate. Nothing could have imperilled the stability of the institution but a most deplorable want of faith on the part of its own members. The Cheltenham meeting would have been as successful as its predecessors if those who had the conduct of the proceedings had paid a greater regard to the established character of the body to which they belong. But by some evil mischance a desire of novelty has been allowed to override more prudent counsels, and now that a revolutionary spirit has once intruded itself we can have no confidence that these meetings will ever be dull again.

Such a change of programme, however it may fascinate the more reckless spirits, must be a cause of just annoyance to the older members of the Society. They will have reason to complain that they have been beguiled to Cheltenham under false pretences, and we may even doubt whether they can have had any warning of the severe shock that was in store for them. An old lady who had been accustomed to sit under an Evangelical preacher, her eyes the while reposing peacefully on whitewashed walls, would be rightly indignant if the interior of her favourite conventicle were found one day decked with ritualistic flowers. And in like manner the old women of both sexes who have been so long the stay of the Social Science Association cannot fail to be scandalized at what has been going on in the Art section of the Congress. We always feared that the establishment of this Art section, which is an encroachment of only recent date, might tend to disturb the serenity of the annual meetings. The dimensions of a main sewer or the details of prison discipline may be discussed without the fear of passionate conflict; and, seeing that these and other topics of a like nature had served the Congress so long, it was but a wanton spirit of innovation which led to the introduction of questions of art. For of all possible themes this is perhaps the least susceptible of dull and tedious treatment, and it is therefore one upon which the devoted students of social science must venture at their peril. How well grounded our fears have been is proved by the debate upon the "Undraped Figure 'in Art,'" which took place last Saturday. Mr. P. H. RATHBONE of Liverpool has, it would seem, rushed in where the more experienced members of the Association would have feared to tread, and the effect of his rash adventure forcibly reminds us of an unfortunate incident that marred the happiness of a memorable entertainment graphically described by DICKENS. The tea-party at TODGERS's given in honour of Mr. PECKSNIFF and his daughters proceeded, it will be remembered, with perfect decorum until that eminent architect had been sent upstairs to bed. Even then he uttered from the head of the stairs a series of sentiments which might fitly be inscribed above the door of the Social Science Association. "Let us," he said, "improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence." For many years the Social Scientists have been content with these innocent pleasures. With each returning autumn they have contemplated existence; they have improved their minds by mutual inquiry, and they have been irreproachably moral. But Mr. PECKSNIFF went further, and we regret to say that the Social Science Association has followed his example. He impressed upon the assembled guests at TODGERS's the fact that "the legs of the human subject are a beautiful production," just as Mr. RATHBONE has insisted upon telling the good people at Cheltenham that the nude form is the "crown and glory of creation." Mrs. TODGERS and her friends, as our readers will remember, sought a refuge from these terrible realities by locking the eloquent architect into his room; but Mr. RATHBONE's audience had no such resource. For them there was no possible means of escape; and, having been imprudent enough to establish an Art section, they were forced to abide by the consequences. No doubt in their printed proceedings they will be able to publish "a family edition" of Mr. RATHBONE's oration; but in the meantime those busy people, the newspaper reporters,

have sent forth to the world its most effective and telling passages.

The opening sentences, it must be confessed, show a certain consideration for the feelings of his audience. There is an obvious endeavour to cast a veil of social science over this dreadful subject; and the statement that, when "coward Europe suffered the unclean Turk to soil "the sacred shores of Greece by his polluting presence, "civilization and morality received a blow from which "they have never entirely recovered," may possibly have suggested to a part of the audience that here was an occasion for the application of prompt measures of sanitary reform. But these legitimate expectations must have been speedily dissipated. The "unclean Turk" served only as a crag upon which Mr. RATHBONE momentarily alighted in his soaring flight; and quickly passing from that "source of all impurity, the East," he conducted his hearers, almost without warning, to the nude figure of JONAH in the Catacombs and to MICHAEL ANGELO'S decorations in the Sistine Chapel. The claims of social science were again condescendingly recognized by a reference to the evils of tight-lacing, and the cheers of the assembly revealed a lingering hope that they were still on firm and familiar ground. These happy moments of confidence, however, must have been very brief, for in the very next sentence Mr. RATHBONE spoke quite in an artistic style "of the exquisite beauty of line of a well-shaped bust." We cannot pretend to do justice to the address as a whole; and, indeed, its glowing periods would find no fitting shrine in our sober pages. But, in justice to the speaker, it is only right we should give some hint of the practical measures by which he proposes to enforce his views. He suggests—and we have really nothing to urge against it—that "the culture and chivalry "of the land" should "stand shoulder to shoulder," and "raising once more the old cry of 'St. GEORGE for Merrie "England," go forth to do fierce battle in defence of "womanly beauty and womanly purity against the fell "Eastern dragon of prudish pruriency." The only possible objection that suggests itself to this plan concerns the complications that might arise from an endeavour to combine a settlement of the Eastern question with a vindication of the place of "the undraped figure in Art." We would rather counsel the members of the Social Science Association to make choice between these two duties; and perhaps, as the case of the "fell Eastern dragon," or the "unclean "Turk," as Mr. RATHBONE has previously described him, is now occupying the attention of the whole of Europe, social science might more usefully occupy itself by studying the distinctions, already noted by Mr. PECKSNIFF, between "the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art." But from the discussion which followed Mr. RATHBONE'S paper, it would seem that the Association is met by an initial difficulty that must seriously embarrass any efforts at reform. There appeared to be a general willingness on the part of the representatives of culture and chivalry assembled at Cheltenham to stand shoulder to shoulder in the manner recommended by Mr. RATHBONE; but they could not quite make up their minds as to the object for which their "fierce battle" was to be waged. All were agreed in their admiration of the nude; and the unanimity was so complete that the Chairman regretted there had been no one to take the opposite view. Several speakers, however, contended that "the perfect male figure was the model of "beauty"; and of course, if that is so, there will be no need to do anything to the "fell Eastern dragon," nor can we summon with so much confidence the powerful assistance of St. GEORGE.

For the settlement of this and other delicate questions connected with art the public will henceforth look to the Social Science Association. This powerful body has now embarked upon a new career, in which it will no longer be possible to rest content with improved model dwellings or increased facilities of ventilation. These are triumphs of the past. In the future it will have more powerful foes and more desperate encounters; and, as we think of the magnitude of these prospective labours, we cannot but reflect upon the insignificant causes from which great events so constantly spring. This luminous discussion on the value of the undraped figure, with the tremendous issues it involves for art and for the world, would never have taken place but for some prudish letters in a provincial paper. The chance exhibition in a provincial gallery of a clever picture by Mr. TADEMA was the origin

of some rather ridiculous correspondence in the Liverpool papers. Liverpool was shocked to see what London had studied with equanimity, and the ignorance displayed in some half-dozen protests from outraged fathers of families rather inconsequently suggested to Mr. RATHBONE that the whole world needed to be instructed upon the subject. As we listen to his enthusiastic utterances, it seems almost impossible to realize that there were nude figures in art before the time of Mr. TADEMA. For the moment we are almost tempted to believe that this was the first experiment in a new kind of art, and that the members of the Social Science Association are its first defenders.

WEAK BRETHREN.

THE undergraduate who invented the text "Beware of weak brethren" gave advice which was at least as valuable, though not quite as apostolic in its sanction, as he supposed. Like most good counsel, the maxim is a very hard one to put into practice. Weak brethren are the scourge and torment of every cause which has the slightest power of making converts. It is fortunate that their very weakness makes them readily gravitate to the nearest convenient centre of opinion, so that they are tolerably well distributed among all sects and parties. If they have a tendency to drift to one side more than another, it is to the side of novelty in religion, politics, literature, and sentiment. Any one who considered their nature dispassionately would expect to find weak brethren disposed to shelter themselves under the shadow of things that are old and well established. Their fluttering restlessness, on the other hand, is like that of newly fledged birds. Something prompts them to leave the warm nest of old habit, and they flap towards the first foothold of new notions, and cling there convulsively. Their associates do not find it altogether desirable to shake them off, and yet are hampered by them in every movement.

Weak brethren act, now as an undesirable stimulus, and again as an unwelcome drag. They are by turns absurdly audacious and foolishly timid. They are investors, and they "plunge" wildly on exotic loans and fabulous mines till the moment comes when they create a panic by withdrawing all their wealth at a ruinous loss. They are disciples of some religious novelty or revival, and they make wild work of their sect. They have been known to go so far as to make preparations for a human sacrifice in a Scotch peasant's hut; and they are always ready to speak with strange tongues, to shout, and prophesy, and play the ecstatic. When weak brethren are not in that extreme they are parodying orthodoxy, and insisting on the persecution of every one whose ideas about candles, Sunday, the Ark, or the Book of Jasher differ from their own prejudices. In many country districts, and especially in Scotland, weak brethren have the upper hand, and triumphantly lord it over their neighbours. If you play the piano on Sunday or introduce Marryat's novels into the parish library, if you join in a rubber at whist, if you go to see the play when you are in town, the weak brethren have two ways of making you feel the inordinate wickedness of your conduct. The more sensible merely traduce you, cut you, and invent preposterous stories about your past, present, and future. It is disagreeable to be the victim of this combined action, but then the suffering is confined to one person or one family, and even they have some of the consolations of the martyr. The weak brother has a sharper arrow in his quiver than that. He simply takes to desperate courses, and to what the Prayer-Book calls "wretchedness of unclean living," and lays the blame of his ruin at your door. His moral ideas all hang together, and they all depend on the slimmest thread of custom and prejudice. He is accustomed to look on a Sunday walk as a sin of the same order as habitual intoxication, perjury, or theft. Consequently, when he finds persons to whom, in his imbecile way, he looks up, transgressing one of his rules, he argues that he may as well transgress the rest of them. "To play the piano on Sunday is not wrong," the weak brother or sister reasons, "for the squire's sister does it. Now I have no reason for thinking that one thing is more wrong than another; if one breach of custom is right all are harmless; and therefore there can be no harm in stealing the spoons, or in breaking any other commandment." The weak brother has not much promptitude of action; but on this extraordinary "practical syllogism" he never fails to act. He goes to the devil, is caught at last, and confides to the prison chaplain that he dates his ruin from the day when he heard the fatal piano, or beheld the surreptitious game of dominical lawn tennis, or avowed that his mistress was "not at home" when she really was within her gates. These confidences of the weak brother, and the sermons and tracts which are founded on them, and the pious apprehensions excited in the hearts of the respectable forces of the fraternity, fetter life and harmless pleasure in every direction.

There are thousands of young people who, though they dance, do so in the firm belief that they are waltzing to perdition, and who, when they venture to visit the theatre, shudder at the allegorical words "The way to the Pit." Millions of children are under terrible apprehensions that "Father is a goat," as a popular tract says, because father smokes his pipe, drinks his glass of beer, has a throw at skittles, or reads his Sunday newspaper. Weak brothers and sisters are responsible for the existence of generations of pietistic little prigs, who may perhaps never recover their healthy tone of mind, or, more fortunate, may live to laugh at their absurd

delusions. The religious weak brother and sister are remarkable at once for their amazing credulity and for their maddening scepticism. They are the natural advocates of the hypocrite and of the commercial impostor, because in all attacks on him they see a virulent assault on religion. They are capable of believing the most monstrous figments against the character of their neighbours who make no particular pretensions, and they swallow camels in the way of taking the virtues of the humbug at his own valuation. The evidence of their own eyes will not convince them of his guilt. Molière's Orgon is a fair specimen of the weak brother, though to be sure his eyes are at last opened in a very practical way. But even Orgon has his foil, and appears almost an *esprit fort* in contrast with his mother, Mme. Pernelle, the very type of the weak sister. Like all people of her sort, she backs the pretensions of Tartuffe with the most eager credulity:—

Vous ne lui voulez mal, et ne le rebutez
Qu'à cause qu'il vous dit à tous vos vérités:
C'est contre le péché que son cœur se courrouce,
Et l'intérêt du Ciel est tout ce qui le pousse.

While she is thus credulous about the virtue of Tartuffe, nothing will make the good lady see that there is no mischief in

Ces carrosses sans cesse à la porte plantés;

and all charges against the favourite are mere *contes bleus*. But Mme. Pernelle's powers of belief reach their climax when her own son cannot persuade her of the truth of what he has seen with his own eyes:—

MME. PERNELLE.

On vous aura forgé cent sotts contes de lui.

ORGON.

Je vous ai dit déjà, que j'ai vu tout moi-même

MME. PERNELLE.

Des esprits médisans la malice est extrême.

ORGON.

Vous me feriez damner, ma mère. Je vous dis
Que j'ai vu de mes yeux un crime si hardi.

MME. PERNELLE.

Les langues ont toujours du vénin à répandre,
Et rien n'est, ici-bas, qui s'en puisse défendre.

How many modern Pernelles use precisely the same arguments in favour of pious pretenders taken red-handed in every crime, from murder to the mere fabrication of hypothetical balance-sheets.

If the weak brother is more mischievous and annoying in one place than another, it is perhaps in the field of politics that he does his worst and wickedest. The present dilapidated estate of what was once the Liberal party is mainly due to the industry of weak brethren. They are naturally attracted to whatever is "advanced," and they promptly burlesque any doctrine of which they approve. They are the people who think the Permissive Bill the "hub," as the Americans say, of the political universe. These are they that demand the abolition of every sort of check on every species of preventible disease. So enamoured are they of liberty that they insist on giving people leave to die for the glorious privilege of being unteachable and irreconcilable idiots. They have made the Eastern question the delight of political wild asses which it is, by believing in the infallibility of the Czar, in the plenary inspiration of Russian diplomatists, and the immaculate virtue and spotless purity of the Russian armies. They are assured by the mystic teaching of some inward monitor that all acts of an existing Government are inspired by the power of evil that is in the world, and directed by a stream of tendency which makes for the very opposite of righteousness. The prophet's donkey is commonly supposed to have had an unpleasant existence, always coming in, without special interest or understanding of what was going on, at the end of every event. If the Liberal party may be compared to the prophet, it is plain that the donkey has got his head just now and is taking the lead, dragging the helpless people of sense into a dozen quagmires and in chase of half a hundred contradictory crotchets. These are the deeds of weak brethren; and the fun is that the brethren and the sisterhood may at any moment change what they call their opinions, and begin to scream for the very opposite of all the measures which now excite them. The weak brother in an hour of angry reaction is a terrible spectacle, and, whether in advance or retreat, is an ally of the most mischievous disposition.

In art and literature weak brethren do little worse than make the school or set to which they cling ridiculous. Of course they are all for the newest or the most delightfully old-fashioned way of doing things. When they write the English tongue they are apt to rely on "ekes," "howbeits," and to talk of people "deeming" this, and "cleaving" to that, because these expressions savour of simplicity and sturdy manfulness. In verse they say "mo" instead of more, a charming trait by which your weak brother among bards may readily be recognized. They greatly prefer "withouten" to "without," and never say a river is frozen if they can find a pretext for declaring that it is "frozen." They introduce "y's" in places where they have long ceased to be familiar, and one is sometimes tempted to fancy that they are in a conspiracy with those other weak brethren, the reformers of spelling, to confuse and degrade the English language. Naturally the gambols of these literary weak brethren, and of the sweet souls who for ever talk of solemn and subtle things, "let in" the good stupid British satirist. He has his favourite fling at people who do not think, with the late Mr. Gordon Bennett, that the style of the promoted newspaper reporter is the perfection of language. He

assaults every one who does not sedulously avoid originality or distinction, and thus the weak literary brother is not only a bore himself, but an occasion for the bestowal of the tedium of others. The weak brother who daubs is an offence of the same order. He not only paints sea-green ladies and gamboge men, but he gives all the stupid smart people a chance of writing funny letters to the *Times* or of manufacturing a chapter of satirical padding for their "society novel." This is the worst of the weak brother; through him the enemy has endless occasions to scoff and to rejoice, while the stronger persons whom he imitates are afraid to open a book or go into a picture-gallery for fear of meeting a grotesque but unmistakable shadow of their own works. If the weak brethren of advancement go on as they have begun, originality will soon become a laughing-stock, and refinement a hissing and a byword. Already they have taken "culture" to themselves, and have ousted Mr. Matthew Arnold. The Philistines have stolen his clothes when he was bathing, and therein they go masquerading. Their voice is heard in Trinity College, Dublin; and the trick can be imitated in Edinburgh.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON DRYDEN.

THE current number of the *Quarterly Review* opens with what is in many ways a remarkable article on Dryden—remarkable for its length and fulness, and also for the vigorous style in which it is written. Such a eulogy on the personal as well as intellectual qualities of Dryden has scarcely been expressed since Congreve, in addressing the Duke of Newcastle, extolled his great friend with all the elegance and persuasive grace of which he was so fine a master. The *Quarterly Reviewer* surpasses Scott and even Johnson in his reverence for the personal character of one of the greatest poets whom evil tongues ever maligned. As the clear judgment of Congreve acknowledged, the life of Dryden was so unsettled and its record so variegated that "it might well become," as it did, peculiarly "liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations." No man of letters, perhaps, ever raised against himself such a concourse of rancorous and angry passions; few have suffered so deeply and so long from the infamies of envy. Pope escaped comparatively scot-free from the revenges of his victims. But he stepped above and beyond the crowd to disperse his poisoned arrows, while Dryden stood in the arena itself and aimed his blows with a bludgeon. Pope contrived to protect himself within a body-guard of his friends, while the simpler and more generous satirist of the *Medal* was always being stabbed in the back by some traitorous Rochester or offended Shadwell. Moreover, there is no group in literary history so unstable, so treacherous as that of the Restoration poets and playwrights. The mean figures shift before our eyes as the kaleidoscope of time goes round, and each year brings some fresh combination of greed or villany. Among these frail or knavish personages there is one who, with all his faults, is at any rate vigorous and honest; of Dryden at least we can be sure that "he was of a nature exceeding humane and compassionate," and we are happy to see that the *Quarterly Reviewer* insists so strongly on this point. Much of his criticism of the generally received stories of the poet's misdeeds is sound and valuable. For instance, his consideration of the charges of licentiousness brought against Dryden by his enemies, and repeated by each editor down to Mr. Christie, is exceedingly sensible, and his clearing of the poet's fame highly satisfactory. He allows, however, the painful story of Dryden's habitual disagreement with his wife to pass with little objection, and here we may push his line of argument a little further than he does.

It will be remembered that Dryden, being thirty-two years of age, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, who was seven years younger, that she bore him three sons, and that they lived together for nearly forty years, until his death. On the face of it this seems a remarkably felicitous union. But the lady was the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and Dryden's unscrupulous enemies did not refrain from making insinuations which very naturally would enter into the minds of vulgar persons, but which should scarcely be referred to by grave historians. Dryden was a gentleman by birth, Lady Elizabeth's brothers were his intimate friends, and the whole family visibly hankered after the excitements of a literary life. The Howards were scarcely exceeded even by the Killigrews in their practical pursuit of literature. The brothers were the husband's friends; the father consented to the marriage and was present at it; the vague innuendos of unscrupulous libellers twenty years afterwards are surely scarcely deserving of our consideration. Less easily met is the allegation that Lady Elizabeth's temper was morose and exacting, and that the pair were unloving and unhappy. On this subject the *Quarterly Reviewer* has nothing to allege; but there are documents in existence which throw, or seem to throw, some favourable light on this also. In 1730, immediately after the death of Congreve, there was issued a book the very form of which is calculated to inspire suspicion in the critical mind. The *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Amours of William Congreve, Esq.*, to which a Mr. Charles Wilson appended the doubtful credit of his name, is one of the most arrant pieces of book-making that ever responded to the demand of public curiosity. So little was its pretension to respectability that no name of publisher or printer appeared upon the pretentious title-page. Nothing could be more wretched than the arrangement of its contents. Fortunately, perhaps, the section of "Amours" is of the character of the famous chapter on Ice-

landic Snakes. What information is given of the life of Congreve is vague, inaccurate, and rambling in the extreme. Half the volume is filled up by reprints of the controversy with Collier and by the early romance of *Incognita*, while the editor does not object to an excursion so wide from his theme as the publication of "a small, but very curious, dissertation on the usefulness of Snails," which had been the means of converting Mr. Congreve, until that time a votary of asses' milk, to the interesting beverage known as snail-water. The main feature of the volume, however, consists in "some curious Memoirs of Mr. Dryden and his family," which are foisted in without rhyme or reason, but which are by far the most readable parts of the book. Unfortunately these very circumstantial data, which are attested by a lady of the name of Corinna, are too good to be true. All proves not to be gold that glitters, and Corinna, whose real name was Mrs. Thomas, coloured her story so freely that it has always been rejected as fabulous. That there is a good deal of fiction in matters of detail about her recital cannot be denied. She gives a lively sketch of the poet's funeral, into which she consciously introduced some sensational incidents that certainly never occurred. On the other hand, she was undoubtedly a personal friend of the Drydens, and on questions of a general kind her authority should scarcely be put aside so cavalierly as has been done by the poet's biographers. A great deal that she says we know to be true; in her account of the funeral, to which we may return, there are some curious points that are undoubtedly correct. We may not take her statement as infallible, but we may at least consider it as of some weight. The most extraordinary episode in her Memoirs is a declaration which she professes to give in Lady Elizabeth Dryden's own words, and which is much too life-like and too intimate to be Mrs. Thomas's sheer invention. The main outline, we cannot doubt, is true, and it throws an interesting light on the married life of Dryden. According to this lady, Dryden studied astrology on the sly, ashamed of his weakness being known, and only half persuaded of its truth. On one occasion, however, his calculations brought him remarkably near the truth. It happened thus; at the birth of his son Charles he had noted the exact minute, but without attracting any particular notice:—

But about a week after, when I was pretty hearty, he comes into my room:—"My dear," says he, "you little think what I have been doing this morning." "Nor ever shall," said I, "unless you will be so good as to inform me." "Why, then," cries he, "I have been calculating this child's nativity, and, in grief I speak it, he was born in an evil hour; Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun were all under the Earth, and the Lord of his Ascendant afflicted by a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at his eighth year, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birthday; but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will in his 23d year be under the very same evil direction. And if he should, which seems almost impossible, escape that also, the 33d or 34th year is, I fear—" I interrupted him here, "O! Mr. Dryden, what is this you tell me? My blood runs cold at your fatal speech; recall it, I beseech you!"

Lady Elizabeth then goes on to say that all went well with the child until he was about to close his seventh year. It being summer-time, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, the family went out of town, Lady Elizabeth to visit her uncle, the poet to stay with his brother-in-law, Lord Berkshire. Recollecting the prediction, the mother was anxious that Charles should be with her, but Dryden overruled her, and let her take John, their eldest son, while he kept Charles with him, promising to look very carefully after him. However, on the boy's eighth birthday, Mr. Dryden was invited to ride to the hunt, and, though very unwilling, had no valid reason for seeming discourteous and refusing. He accordingly left Charles with a double lesson in Latin, and strict orders not to leave the room. Of course a servant beguiled him out, and, as he was standing under a rickety wall, over which the stag leaped, the dogs knocked down the wall, and the child was crushed almost to death. Lady Elizabeth is made to add, and this is what is of special interest to us, that her husband continued to write cheerful and hopeful letters to her, in which he concealed the dangerous illness of the child until he could truly say that Charles was out of danger. Such regard for the feelings of a timid and anxious mother, and such domestic tenderness, as are here implied, speak volumes for the conjugal affection of Dryden. This early part of the astrological adventure is very naturally and graphically told by Corinna, but in adding to it she seems to approach, if not to reach, the fabulous. She, or rather Lady Elizabeth, is made to assert that the second prediction came no less true than the first, and that on his twenty-third birthday, Charles Dryden being then in Rome, he fell down the staircase of a tower, and was "mash'd to a Mummy," but not killed. Yet a third time this ill-starred young man came under the bane of his evil nativity, and this time fatally, for swimming across the Thames at Windsor in August 1704, he was seized with cramp and died. Within four years the poet and both his sons had passed away, and Lady Elizabeth herself had succumbed to lunacy or softening of the brain. The obscurity that has lain over Dryden's life is probably in great part owing to this extinction of his family. From John Dryden the younger, who was himself a poet and a man of letters, a biography of his father might reasonably have been expected.

The same Memoir of Congreve which we have been noticing gives a full and succinct account of the funeral of Dryden, which differs in many respects from the received version of the story. Mrs. Thomas, had she been a trustworthy woman, should have been of all persons the one most capable, in 1730, of describing the last days of Dryden. She was one of the latest of his friends; to her he addressed several of his frankest and most tender letters; to her he committed that melancholy confession of his literary sins which

has melted the severest of his critics. But Mrs. Thomas, having the misfortune to find herself in the Fleet Prison, wanted money for her recollections, and to make them more worthy of Charles Wilson's purchase, she touched them up and freely invented. Her account of the drunken frolic by which Dryden's funeral was interrupted has never been thought worthy of notice by the poet's biographers. The *Quarterly Reviewer* does not hint at it; Mr. Christie styles it a "discreditable and monstrous fiction." Her story is that Lord Halifax having begged leave to give Dryden a private funeral, and the Bishop of Rochester having presented the ground in Westminster Abbey—

On the Saturday following the Company came, the Corps was put into a Velvet Hearse, and eighteen Mourning Coaches filled with Company attending. When, just before they began to move, Lord Jefferies, with some of his rakish Companions, coming by, in wine, asked "Who-e funeral?" and being told, "What," cries he, "shall Dryden, the greatest Honour and Ornament of the Nation, be buried after this private Manner? No, Gentlemen! let all that lov'd Mr. Dryden, and honour his Memory, alight and join with me in gaining my Lady's Consent to let me have the Honour of his Interment, which shall be after another manner than this, and I will bestow 1000*l.* on a Monument in the Abbey for him." The Gentlemen in the Coaches not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester's Favour, nor of Lord Halifax's generous design (these two noble Spirits having, out of Respect to the Family, enjoined Lady Elizabeth and her Son to keep their Favour conceal'd to the World, and let it pass for her own expense, &c.), readily came out of the Coaches, and attended Lord Jefferies up to the Lady's Bed-Side, who was then sick.

The young rascal then makes such a noise that he frightens the poor lady out of her wits, pretends to gain her consent, and then dashes the body off to an undertaker's in Cheapside, where he leaves it, and forgets all about it. At last the body is buried by subscription. It is a pity that the story is too long for us to quote, for it is quite as grimly comic as any scene in Vanbrugh, and most characteristic of the times. We seem to see the insolent swash-buckler affecting reverence for the poet, and helping the silly elderly gentlemen out of their coaches, he all the while only too glad to have a saucy jest with the very pomp and circumstance of death. How much of it is true, and how much of it represents that development of Mrs. Thomas's memory which went on in the Fleet Prison, it would perhaps be rash to say. But there appears to be little doubt that Dryden's funeral was conducted in a less seemly manner than we have been accustomed to suppose, and it is well worthy of note that in some measure Mrs. Thomas is borne out by a witness quite above suspicion, Captain Farquhar, the dramatist, who expressly says that Dryden "was buried after an extraordinary fashion, for I do believe there never was such another burial seen."

SCOTCH THRIFT AND SCOTCH INVESTMENTS.

NOWHERE out of Scotland, except possibly in France, could the consequences of such a stoppage as that of the City of Glasgow Bank have fallen with such crushing weight on a community. For with the Scotch, as among the French, there are capitalists in a small way to be found in all strata of society above the very lowest. It is only comparatively recently that the frugality of the French has taken the form of speculative investments. Formerly "*nos paysans*," or the petty tradesfolks, were in the habit of hiding their savings in their thatch or locking them away in a strong box, when they could not indulge themselves in the luxury of half a hectare of land. Napoleon III., if for nothing else, merited the gratitude of the mass of the electors by teaching them to put out their money at moderate usury. If he lavished the State funds freely and wastefully, at all events he strengthened the position of the country by multiplying the number of Frenchmen who had a material stake in its prosperity. In Scotland, on the other hand, intelligent thrift has always been among the most conspicuous of the national virtues. In the old days of border feuds and harrying and fire-raising, the dweller in the country districts had enough to do to keep body and soul together, and a roof of any kind over his head. The fear or farmer who had his cattle driven of a moonlight night might think himself lucky if he woke up in a sound skin, and without his dwelling having been gutted, or a bonfire made of the "plenishing." The hind went to work in the fields for his food and raiment; for any wage he received in the shape of specie was almost literally what it was called—"a penny fee." Even among the burghers in the towns business was woefully slack, although they and their families lived in greater security and comfort. There was little hard cash in circulation, and few savings to be invested; though even in those days a painstaking man might now and then raise himself from a booth-keeper to the status of a merchant; securing the fortune he had laboriously amassed by making himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and conciliating some powerful protector. As trade developed and prosperity increased, the better-to-do burghers banded themselves together, and sought helpful alliances among the fighting barons. The provost of the Scotch burgh was frequently a knight or noble who found his account in leading the citizens in war-time, flanking their infantry files with his riders and jackmen. For the thrifty instincts of the people developed themselves in the face of exceptional obstacles; and in a country whose poverty was proverbial, and in the darkest and most stormy days of its history, there was in reality an extraordinary proportion of men who might be called relatively rich.

When things had settled down under a stronger government, the chances which had been the monopoly of a favoured class began

to be common property. By pinching and living more hardly than was indispensable, anybody might manage to lay something by; and the passion of getting grew with opportunities. The representative Scotchman, as a rule, is shrewd, thoughtful, proud, and self-reliant. The sense that he is burning his candle at both ends, or even that it is flaring extravagantly fast in a draught, is positive pain to him. He can take no pleasure in reckless waste, because the thought of retribution is ever present to him. He is always exercising his mind as to how he may make the most of his nest-eggs; but at the same time his inborn prudence makes him eminently averse to the shadow of a risk. Without positively crediting his neighbour with malevolent intentions, he regards him with a certain constitutional suspicion, knowing that his neighbour, like himself, feels bound to get the best of a bargain. So that the Scotchman has always been a difficult man to "do," seeing that his enterprise is largely tempered with caution. Exceptions there have been of course. Since the days of Law and the wild Mississippi scheme Scotchmen have been found to speculate rashly; and when once they cast the national prudence to the winds, no people in the world can plunge more madly. They were Scotchmen and Glasgow men who played the leading part in inflating those Bombay enterprises during the American war which resulted in general panic and disaster. They are Scotchmen who became so deeply indebted to the unfortunate institution which has just closed its doors; and when four firms have flung some seven millions away among them, there can have been no want of a certain dash in their manner of doing business. Generally speaking, however, the Scotchman has kept his money at home and as much under his personal oversight as possible. The laird who lived within his income lived to add acre to acre, although, in consequence of so many sharing his taste, the yield of the principal became smaller and smaller. He would have preferred 4 per cent. to 2½; but the sense of being absolutely secure, with the prospect of a rise in value in the future, consoled him on the whole for any shortcomings. For a long time land rose in value comparatively slowly, because proprietors saw legitimate outlets for their economies in the properties they owned already. There were peat bogs and swamps that repaid reclaiming; and an Act of Parliament had facilitated advances on entailed estates. Meanwhile the farmers likewise were growing richer in their degree. They found it profitable to raise the standard of cultivation, and to sink their savings in modern machinery. Of course as their farms became more extensive and better tilled, as their herds of polled cattle and shorthorns improved, the occupants insisted upon more commodious steadings. The landowners could afford to meet these claims, so long as they received 5 per cent. on the outlay, and while rents besides were moving steadily upward. In proportion as the lairds extended their improvements they had to borrow on mortgage. Mortgages duly recorded in the Edinburgh Register House, so as to satisfy the holder as to his priority of claim, were a very tempting investment. The deeds covered advances for all amounts from very many thousands down to a few hundreds. A similar practice prevailed in the town. Many a worthy citizen of small means held his "bit of a heritable bond" over some neighbouring tenement, which he took care to see was carefully insured; while purchases of house property were greatly in favour.

But there was necessarily a limit to these "heritable investments," and other outlets had to be sought for savings. In the seaports men shared in shipping ventures, made practically safe by marine assurance. Even in the whaling or seal fishery the risks were proved by experience to be comparatively small when the average of profits was spread over a series of years. The population of the innumerable little fishing villages along the coasts launched their fleets of fishing boats in joint-stock co-partneries. That was the most hazardous speculation of all, we may remark; but then men who habitually play fast and loose with their lives may naturally be supposed to be venturesome with their property. And for those who saw their way to no openings of the kind, or who had a comparative trifle of capital to dispose of, the national banking system was an unfailing *pis aller*. "Safe as the bank" was as much an article of faith as any that is expounded in the Shorter Catechism. The bank in the county town, or its branch in the flourishing village, was the visible symbol of solid stability to the country folks who crowded to the weekly markets. So it must have been, if a general consent of opinion carried any weight. The bank had been cautiously built up from small beginnings, and experts had always agreed in their certificates to its admirable system of management. The directors were men of name and local influence, whose substance was supposed to be beyond all dispute. The list of shareholders was a roll of people of ample means and creditable connexions. The local manager was notoriously among the most long-headed inhabitants of the place; and probably he cumulated in his proper person a variety of highly respectable offices. And the bank, while being safe beyond all dispute, offered inducements in some respects superior to those of heritable property. Mortgages rose and fell, but they never rose beyond a certain point; but the banks had been steadily swelling their dividends, and must increase them with the expanding prosperity of the country. So it was the ambition of every farmer or shopkeeper laying by for his children, of every widow or spinster providing against a helpless old age, to see their names inscribed on the *libro d'oro*, where certainties were sweetened by hopeful contingencies. Pending the time when they could afford a serious investment in Government Stocks, they lodged smaller sums on deposit receipts,

for it would have been wanton waste to keep floating at current account a larger balance than was absolutely necessary.

Thus the grand principle of Scotch security is that of making everything safe as it goes along. There are struggling families and poverty-stricken individuals; but the well-to-do, as they flatter themselves, have effectually secured their economies. Thanks partly to their temperament and in part to their climate, the Scotch are thrifty in their very vices. Strong heads as they have, there are few countries in the world where a man can contrive to intoxicate himself more cheaply. Even with a seasoned vessel a little raw whisky goes a long way in the shape of a stimulant; and when the English labourer has merely besotted himself in a mist, after wallowing through a gallon or so of adulterated beer, a "gill" of his native spirit has set the Scotch ploughman's brain a-swimming. In the rural districts, at least, the Scotch have cultivated æsthetic tastes but little; an occasional lecture to a Young Men's Improvement Society or a dance in a barn at Christmas-time (or Harvest Home amply satisfies their ideas of gaiety. They live plainly, even in their pretentious farmhouses; while the working classes manage to labour and grow fat on their primitive diet of milk and oatmeal. Even in the manses and in the mansions of the smaller lairds a severe simplicity is the order of the day; but a trifling score is run with the brewer, while the everlasting whisky, turned into toddy, takes the place of wine; and latterly at least—we say nothing of these present hard times—wages have been rising rapidly and farms yielding larger profits; tradesmen have been extending their business, and ministers seeing their stipends augmented. In countries more to the south the manner of living would have become proportionately extravagant. In Scotland we venture to say that, for the most part, those more prosperous days have mainly been increasing savings. The reward for not multiplying wants nor yielding to indulgences has been sought in the sense that the prospects of the future were brightening; and the father of a family excused himself to his conscience for tending towards miserliness with a glowing feeling of his superior prudence and of the gratitude he was earning from those who were to inherit from him. So it is difficult to realize the effect of such a catastrophe as the failure of the Glasgow Bank in some peaceful little Scotch town in the West country, when people who lay down at night comparatively rich rose in the morning to find themselves absolutely ruined; while the very touch of avarice in their laudable prudence and frugality must have made the sting of the calamity all the more poignant. If reason is not shaken in many cases, it says much for the strength of Scotch fortitude and self-control; for it is no light thing, after a life of over-prudent self-privation, to find you have been labouring for a harvest of unavailing regrets.

DARTMOOR AND ITS FUTURE.

THERE are probably few tracts of open land in England which possess so much interest of every kind as does Dartmoor. To all sorts and conditions of men—to painters, fox-hunters, fishermen, novelists, poets, archaeologists, and even lawyers—it offers points of special attraction. "Dartmoor," to quote from a paper read two years ago at the Devonshire Association meeting, "is a theme which to every Devonian is a romance. . . . From the heights of the tors to the depths of the valleys ever-varying contrasts present themselves." It might safely have been said that Dartmoor is a romance, not only to every Devonian, but also to every one who loves natural beauty and has been fortunate enough to become acquainted with that of Dartmoor, which is as yet one of the few almost unspoiled playgrounds of England. The "ever-varying contrasts" spoken of in the passage we have quoted form perhaps the most distinctive feature of Dartmoor. In the course of a ride of a few hours one may come now on a stretch of heather which brings back recollections of days in the Scotch Highlands, now on a pleasant valley with a leaping stream that seems like a Swiss scene in miniature, and again on a slope studded with boulders and fragments of granite that leads up to one of the tors raising its head against the sky with a grandeur which one might think would protect it from the profaning blows of spade and pickaxe. And these ever-varying beauties are accessible at almost every season of the year. The autumn and winter sunsets, when the hills take on endless gradations of light and shadow, splendid with colours of which nature keeps the secret to herself, have as great an attraction as the fresh brightness of a spring or summer morning on the same hills; and in the heavy rains and mists which hang and creep about the woods, or are swept across the plain by a driving wind, he who will may discover a beauty of their own. For the archaeologist there are cromlechs, kistvens, stone villages, and stone avenues without number; and Mr. Oldbuck would no doubt have delighted in proving to his own satisfaction the Druidical origin of the curious basins, with gutters running from them over the edge of the rock, which are found on the tops of many of the tors. The stone avenues, which are well-marked double rows of stones some thirty feet apart, have been explained in various ways. The most simple and at the same time most plausible theory which we have ever heard concerning them is that they are rough monuments of tribal feuds, set up by the party victorious in the battle which was the climax of the struggle. According to this suppo-

sition, the stones would represent the lines of battle formed by each side; and it is remarkable that in most cases there is one big stone at the end of each row which would stand for the captain of the tribe or village. The stone villages, which are more common than the avenues, look like the remains of round huts made of granite and grouped together. They may possibly mark the presence of tin-streamers at a time when tin was found in great quantities near the surface. There is hardly a mile of Dartmoor in which the archaeologist may not find something upon which to expend his skill. As for the lawyer, he may find entertainment in trying to determine the moot points which exist as to the legal status of Dartmoor. Dartmoor, as the name is generally used, consists of the Forest of Dartmoor, which is held to be part of the Duchy of Cornwall (subject to certain rights of common, &c.), and of the Devonshire commons which surround the Forest, and some of which are also held to be Duchy property. For many years past the question of right of enclosure as between the Duchy and the commoners has been a vexed one, and it is likely to remain so for some time still, as that charming vagueness which is a special attribute of the British law hangs over the matter. At the meeting of the Devonshire Association in 1877 the Committee was empowered to make inquiries into and report upon "the tenure of the Duchy of Cornwall, and other landowners, forest laws, venville rights, rights of common, rights of way, public rights, encroachments, &c.," and it may be safely hoped that no pains will be spared to throw light upon all these matters. Information, however, is by no means easy to come at, and meanwhile, as for years past, the Duchy goes on exercising its supposed rights of enclosure in the Forest, which, it is said from time to time, will be contested by the commoners. The rights of the Duchy over the Devonshire commons as distinguished from Dartmoor Forest have already on more than one occasion been contested by the commoners with more or less success.

The Venville rights, spoken of in the Report of the Devonshire Association quoted above, are somewhat peculiar. From the preface to Carrington's poem "Dartmoor," published in 1826, we learn that after the general disafforestation, "for some time the purlieus were devoted to the purposes of the chase, and had officers over them, called rangers, but gradually they became more or less cultivated and as we see them at the present day. Many of them belong to parishes lying in what is termed venville, a word signifying by-dwellings or habitations in parishes abutting on Dartmoor, which paid annually for their cattle, when trespassing within the forest bounds, fines villarum, or village fines, thence corrupted into fin vil and venville. Mr. Auditor Hockmore, in his Report of 1621, mentions the venville estates (in old rolls stiled sepiments, and a part of the ancient Duchy possessions) as of the same nature; 'there are divers towns' (that is, little villages), 'abutting upon the forest, and within the purlieu thereof, who, because their cattle did daily stray into the forest, were at a certain fine, which being turned into a rent, was called Finis Villarum, and those which dwell within those liberties are called to this day Venville men.' . . . In the 17th of Elizabeth an account was taken of the fines, which had then grown to be fixed rents, and amounted to 4*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*" Mr. Burt, the writer of the preface from which we have been quoting, goes on to tell us that the Venville rents are payable at the Court Baron by the Deputy-Steward of the Forest, originally at Lydford Castle, but, since it became ruinous, at Princetown, where the court is still held. In 1826 it seems that the Venville men were liable to the feudal service of driving the Moor for trespassers once yearly, on each quarter of the Forest, which was divided into four quarters according to the points of the compass for that purpose. For this, and in consideration of their rents, they were entitled to depasture their bullocks on the Moor at twopence per head annually, and as many sheep as they chose to send there at threepence per score. Beyond this the Venville men claimed the right "to take everything off the Forest that might do them good" except vert and venison. As far as we know the relations which existed between the Duchy and the Venville men are to this day unchanged; but this is one of the points which the Devonshire Association has undertaken to clear up. What is perhaps most important to the Venville men is to discover what are the precise rights of the Duchy as to enclosure. It is of course only natural that, so long as the right is uncontested, it should be exercised upon the best parts of the Moor, leaving the worst for the Venville pasturage.

Among private persons who hold land under lease from the Duchy there would seem to be a kind of mania for enclosing. Many of the most picturesque parts of the Moor are disfigured by walls enclosing large tracts of land on which attempts have been made at high farming, which have turned out to be completely futile. The walls remain as memorials of the attempts, and as a lasting inconvenience and disfigurement. There is, however, a far more important matter than this which is connected with the question of enclosure. Of late years large enclosures have been made in which the ground has been drained, and, as a necessary consequence, the peat bogs on that ground have been wholly destroyed. At first sight there might not seem to be very much danger in this proceeding. But the fact is that the water supply of the whole district of the South of Devon, including that of Plymouth, and of the fleet and shipping there stationed, is dependent on the water caught on Dartmoor, retained in the bogs, and distributed by means of the rivers which take their rise there. Therefore the destruction of a large extent of the bogs is equivalent to cutting off a large part of the water supply

of the country. Nor is this the only danger. In order to drain ground human labour must be employed and workmen must be housed, and wherever there are dwelling-places there must be drainage of some sort or another. And if the water is polluted at its source there is little hope of its arriving pure at its destination. It is indeed conceivable that the Plymouth Leat, constructed by Drake from the river Meavy under an Act of Elizabeth, might become the means of carrying corruption from Princetown, where is stationed the well-known convict establishment with its attendant population, to Plymouth and the fleet; and the same thing might happen in the case of the Devonport Leat, drawn from the river Dart.

Dartmoor, beautiful and attractive as it is, is not exempt any more than is a populous town from difficulties and dangers, some of which we have tried to point out. The greatest, however, is behind. By the Princetown Railway Act, 1878, a Company was incorporated under the auspices of the Great Western Railway Company for the construction of a branch railway from the Plymouth and Tavistock line to Princetown. When a new railway is made by persons competent to judge of its advisableness one may take it for granted that they expect a certain number of passengers and a certain quantity of traffic to travel by it. Such a railway as that which is projected would no doubt be of some service to the small population of Princetown in taking to them goods which at present have to be carried by road, and it would probably be regarded by warders as a pleasant means of conveyance for themselves and the convicts in their charge. Warders and convicts, however, will hardly make up among them enough passenger and goods traffic to give decent employment to a line. Now as nobody lives at Princetown except warders, convicts, and the very few shopkeepers who drive a trade there, we must come to the conclusion either that the rest of the passengers will consist of people who find a pleasure in coming to look at the convicts, or that it is supposed that when it is connected by a branch line with the Plymouth and Tavistock railway the only unattractive place in Dartmoor will become much more populous than it is at present. The latter of these suppositions does not appear particularly reasonable. There are probably few people who would think it desirable to take up their residence close to a large convict station in a place distinguished by being the one ugly spot in a beautiful tract of land. As to visitors to the prison, it can hardly be thought that an increase in their numbers would be regarded as a benefit by people living near the route which they would pass over. Already the indulgence in this depraved form of sight-seeing is found objectionable by those whose tastes do not lie in that direction; and it will not be matter for congratulation if the passage in Carrington's poem referring to the constant presence on Dartmoor of "the ever brawling Cad" assumes a meaning never contemplated by the author. There are, however, we believe, certain reasons for supposing that the threatened danger may not assume a practical form. We may at least be permitted, without incurring a suspicion of desiring to check the advance of civilization, to express a wish that it may turn out that the reasonable wants of Princetown can still be supplied without that moral and physical disfigurement of Dartmoor which would be a probable consequence of the completion of the proposed railway.

THE GENESIS OF THE TIMES.

IT has been said by an ingenious foreigner that Englishmen find their opinions on all things in heaven and earth ready made for them every morning at their breakfast-tables. They do not think, or reason, or judge; they simply read the *Times*, and the matter is settled. There is indeed, if we remember rightly, a passage somewhat to this effect about the *Times* in one of the volumes of Mr. Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*. And of course there is a certain amount of truth in it, though it is less true now than it was some years ago. As a writer in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* observes, "the greatest journal the world has ever seen is the *Times*." There is a large part of the nominally educated population of every country who lack either the time or the inclination or the wit to think for themselves, and as it would be derogatory to their self-respect, as well as practically inconvenient, to plead guilty to having no opinions on questions of the day, it follows that they must get their thinking done for them by somebody else. Thus George Eliot talks of "the people who get their science done for them by Faraday, and their religion by the superior clergy." But there is no great humiliation in owning that. It is not supposed to be every one's business to understand scientific questions, and it is obviously the business of the clergy to teach religion. No one, however, would exactly like to confess that he is indebted for his opinions to his newspaper, though there are in fact a great many persons of both sexes whose judgment is practically guided by their favourite organ. It is of course chosen in the first instance from its connexion with the party they have espoused—very likely from some accident of early training, or surroundings, or mere caprice, without any deliberate process of conviction; but, once chosen, it exercises a kind of tyranny over them. No doubt a Low Churchman would never put his faith in the *Guardian*, nor a High Churchman in the *Record*, nor a Tory in the *Daily News*; but the *Record*, or *Guardian*, or *Standard*, or whatever the particular journal may be, does very largely help to form and guide the judgment of a considerable circle of readers, who are accustomed to take

its utterances for gospel, and who perhaps do not often enjoy or care to utilize the opportunity of comparing them with those of any rival authority. And if various party organs come in this way to exercise a tyrannous control over the minds of partisans of their own particular school, the *Times*, which claims to be independent of all parties, exerts a far wider, if not a deeper, influence over the large class of—we are afraid Mr. Arnold would say Philistines—who also affect a superiority to all narrow distinctions of creed or party, and wish “to think that they think” (to adopt a phrase of the late Mr. Maurice’s), while they would really feel that “thinking is an idle waste of thought” when the result is presented to them cut and dried every morning in the columns of “the leading journal.” That the *Times* never retains the same opinions for very long together is no difficulty to them—it has changed more than once, for instance, of late on the Eastern question—because there is usually a method in its mutations, and it contrives (or used to contrive) to anticipate and formulate with tolerable accuracy the popular sentiment which it partly follows and partly helps to shape. And the highest ambition of such readers is to reflect the popular sentiment, while they imagine that they are expressing their own. As well, then, from the extensive influence it possesses both at home and abroad as a recognized exponent of British opinion, as from its command of news from all quarters of the world, the *Times* holds an exceptional position, and, as was said just now, may fairly be called “the greatest journal the world has ever seen.” Its history therefore becomes a matter of some interest, and the writer in *Macmillan* to whom we have already referred has done good service in telling what will probably to the great majority of its daily readers be the unknown tale of its origin. They may be surprised to learn that, like Topsy, the *Times* grew, and grew from very small beginnings. It owed its birth to an accident, or rather a series of accidents, and would never apparently have seen the light had not its founder been first a ruined man.

The story of its genesis is in this wise. In 1738 was born John Walter, the son of what was called a “coal-buyer,” and at the age of seventeen he was left an orphan to find his own living. In the course of ten years he had become a leading merchant in the coal trade, and in course of time was appointed “Manager” and “Chairman to the Body of Coal Buyers.” He married, purchased an estate, and became the father of a large family. But imprudences in business, on the details of which it is not necessary to dwell here, aggravated by the effect of the French and American wars, led to heavy losses and eventually to his bankruptcy in 1781. His conduct under these trying circumstances was straightforward and honourable, and won general respect; so much so, that the Government was invoked to come to his assistance, and was quite prepared to do so.

It was not uncommon at that time to draw the attention of men in power, as well as the public, to private grievances or individual necessities by the publication of a “case.” Many such documents may be found among eighteenth century records, and in accordance with this practice was printed and circulated, “The Case of Mr. John Walter, of London, Merchant.” It occupies four folio pages of small print, and details in full the misfortunes which had overtaken him, not through his own fault, but through the inability of the English Government to protect English merchantmen; it describes his consequent ruin, his want of capital, which would prevent him embarking again in the coal trade, and his anxiety to obtain “some respectable post under Government.” Mr. Walter appears to have had interest with Lord North, then Prime Minister, and numerous friends exerted themselves on his behalf, so that, to quote his own words, “I met with that kind reception which gave me every prospect of success.” Had the ministry remained in office but a few months longer, the whole future course of John Walter’s life would have been different—he would probably have died in official harness, unknown beyond the circle of his immediate friends.

But, unfortunately as it seemed for him, fortunately for the future of journalism, Lord North’s Cabinet was dismissed within a few months, and with it his hopes of patronage passed away. Once more he was thrown on his own resources, not at seventeen, but at forty-three, and this time accident guided him in a direction which there was nothing in his antecedents to suggest, but which had important consequences. He formed the acquaintance of an enthusiastic compositor, Henry Johnson by name, who had just obtained a patent for a new method of printing by whole words—called logotypes—instead of by separate letters, and he at once took up the new system vigorously, and issued a pamphlet to recommend it. He found zealous and influential support, but the system eventually broke down, though not till it had achieved one notable triumph. The first, and probably the only, newspaper printed in logotypes was the *Times*.

Mr. Walter’s choice of a site, we cannot say for his new journal—for that was an afterthought—but for his new business, was also accidental. He looked about for a suitable locality for making a start in his capacity of “the Logographic Printer,” and finally selected what has again become, under the name of “Printing House Square,” an historic site. We say again, for beneath the present *Times* office lie buried the strata, so to speak, of two former periods of civilization. The foundations of the old monastery of Blackfriars, where several mediæval Parliaments were held, and where the trial of Queen Catharine took place, are still extant under the ground of Printing House Square, and beneath them again the remains of the old Roman wall. In the “King’s Printing House,” which took the place of the suppressed monastery, and was burnt down in the Fire of London, was printed in 1666 the oldest newspaper in existence, the *London Gazette*. The printing-house was rebuilt, and passed through various hands, but had remained unoccupied for some years, when in 1784 John Walter took it for his logographic press, and settled there with his family. He an-

nounced his new establishment in the following advertisement, which appeared in several London newspapers May 17, 1784:—

Logographic Office, Blackfriars. Mr. Walter begs leave to inform the public that he has purchased the printing-house formerly occupied by Mr. Basket, near Apothecaries Hall, which will be opened the first day of next month for printing by words entire, under His Majesty’s patent. The greatest care will be taken of all orders, which may be sent either to the printing-house, or to Mr. Searle’s grocer, 55, Oxford Street; Mr. Thrale’s, pastry-cook, opposite the Admiralty; Mr. Taylor’s, New Lloyd’s Coffee-house, over the Royal Exchange; Mr. Pratt’s, greengrocer, 84, Wapping; Mr. Sterry’s, oilman, 156, Borough; where boxes will be fixed for the reception of any letters or messages he may be favoured with.

We have said that the creation of the *Times* was an afterthought. John Walter began by printing books, new and old, and it was only when the value of his favourite “logotypes” was called in question on all sides that he resolved to demonstrate the rapidity and cheapness of the new method of printing by applying it to the production of a daily newspaper. On January 1 1785 appeared the first number of the *Daily Universal Register* “printed logographically,” as was stated in the heading, and opening with a series of articles in explanation and praise of the entire scheme of logography. But the *Daily Universal Register* did not prove a conspicuous success. The title was cumbersome, and after three years’ trial the editor determined to change it. On January 1, 1788, appeared the first issue of the *Times*, bearing the No. 940, as the last number of the *Register* had been 939. For some years it continued to be printed with logotypes, but Mr. Walter was at last compelled to yield to the hard logic of experience, and the use of them was quietly abandoned, at what precise date there is no record. The words exhibited last year at the Caxton Collection are very likely the sole remaining specimen of this much-vaunted but impracticable system of printing. But as the *Illustrated News* is said to owe its existence to the advertisement of Holloway’s pills, the barren invention of logography has borne abiding fruit in the production of the *Times*, which ten years hence will be able to celebrate its centenary.

THE YACHT RACING OF 1878.

IN the *Saturday Review* for June 29 of the present year a short account was given of some of the early yacht races of the season, the last mentioned being that which was sailed on June 24 from Ostend to Dover. We propose now to continue this summary, and to speak of the principal contests subsequently recorded, confining ourselves, however, as in the previous article, to matches between large, or, as they are usually called in Club announcements, first-class yachts, as want of space renders it unfortunately impossible to give any description of the very interesting races of the smaller vessels.

The first regatta which followed the Ostend matches was that of the Mersey Yacht Club, and unluckily it followed those contests a great deal too closely, as it was fixed for June 27 and 28, so that there was not time for any of the very fine fleet which had returned from the Belgian port to Dover to reach Liverpool Bay. Two competitors, undoubtedly in the very first rank, did, however, make their appearance. One was the famous *Corisande*, which had undergone some alterations during the winter, and the other the large Northern cutter *Cythera*, a vessel which has been greatly admired by experts on the occasions when she has contended with the best yachts of the day. Matches between craft of different rigs are usually thought not to be the best; but nevertheless considerable interest was felt in the racing of these two craft, one of which might be considered to represent the Solent and the other the Clyde. The first match, sailed in a very light wind, was won by the *Cythera*. There was a better breeze for the second day, but unfortunately the result was determined by accident, as the *Corisande*, after an even struggle with her antagonist, carried away her gaff and split her mainsail, so that of course the cutter was again victorious. Next to the Mersey regatta came that of the Ulster Club, in which the *Jullanar*, the *Formosa*, the *Cythera*, and the *Condor*, a large yawl, built last winter by Fife, took part. The first race, which was won by the *Formosa*, was utterly uninteresting, owing to the same cause which had spoilt the Dover matches and the sail back from Ostend—namely, a very light and uncertain wind. The second race was sailed in a fair breeze, and the *Jullanar* beat the two cutters, the *Condor* giving up before the contest was over. The *Cythera* came in ahead of the *Formosa*, but failed to save her time, and the Cowes craft took therefore the second prize.

Three days after this race the Clyde Yacht Club Regatta began, in which the four vessels just named renewed their contests, joined by a fifth competitor, the huge *Lufra*. In the first match, which should have been for schooners and yawls, but was confined to yachts of the latter rig, for the very sufficient reason that no schooners appeared, the *Jullanar*, the *Condor*, and the *Lufra* contended. The first-mentioned vessel, which seems to be unlucky in Northern waters, touched a buoy which was one of the marks, and had therefore to give up the race. The *Lufra* came in ahead of the *Condor*, but had no more good fortune than at Dover, for she failed to save her time on the new yawl by more than six minutes. The *Lufra*, it may be remembered, was successful in the Clyde last year, but she has now been altered so as to make her a little larger than she then was, and it is certainly difficult to see how she is ever to take a prize from a fairly good adversary. A great disparity in

speed is necessary to make up for the time which this vessel of 222 tons has to give to antagonists even of the *Condor's* size. The match for all rigs on the second day of the Clyde Yacht Club Regatta was won by the *Formosa*, which beat the yawls and also that very formidable antagonist the *Cythera*. The *Condor's* sailing in this race attracted much attention, as, although she failed to save her time on the *Jullanar*, she passed the mark boat nearly four minutes ahead of that craft, and her performance was the more remarkable from the fact that she was built for cruising, and not for racing.

The matches of the Northern Yacht Club followed those of the Clyde Club, but there was unusually bad luck on the first day, as, owing to a calm, the races of the large yachts could not be finished. The prizes which would have been given were therefore, it seems, added to those of the second day's matches; and the result brought about somewhat resembled that announced by the dodo in *Little Alice*, when the benevolent bird stated that everybody had won, and that all were to have prizes. Of the four vessels which completed the race in the match for yawls and cutters on the second day, two received prizes of 100*l.* each, and another a prize of 50*l.* The competitors on this occasion were the *Jullanar*, the *Lufra*, the *Condor*, the *Cythera*, and the *Formosa*, but the last-named was disabled during the contest. The *Condor* came in first, again heading the *Jullanar*, though not quite enough to be declared the winner of the race. It is to be hoped that next season this powerful yawl may be seen in Southern waters. This year she does not appear to have gone further than Kingstown, whither, after the Northern Yacht Club Regatta, the *Jullanar*, *Lufra*, *Cythera*, and *Formosa* went also. Besides these vessels, the *Vol-au-Vent* and *Corisande* appeared in Dublin Bay; but the races there, sailed on the 18th and 19th of July, were rendered uninteresting by the want of wind, which so often baffled yachtsmen last summer. On the first day the *Cythera* won the Queen's Cup after what appears to have been a drift, varied now and then by a flicker of wind; and on the second day, when there was a great deal of fog, the *Quickstep*, of twenty tons, took the prize by time, everything having seemingly depended on chance.

Further south yachts had better fortune. On the day when the first of the unfortunate Kingstown races was sailed, the Havre Regatta began, and this attracted the *Florinda*, *Ada*, *Fiona*, *Neva*, and *Miranda*. The last vessel, it may be observed, had not visited the North, possibly because there was no chance of a competitor of the same rig being found. If any schooners were expected at Havre to contend against this beautiful racing yacht none appeared; and though she sailed in a match for all rigs it does not seem clear whether she was allowed to take the schooner prize. The first prize in this match was taken by the *Florinda*, which, however, came in astern of the *Ada*, but too close to her for the latter to save her time. In another contest which took place four days later the *Florinda* was again successful, but after a more thorough fashion, as she came in six minutes before the *Ada*. Next in order after the Havre Regatta was that of the Cornwall Yacht Club, the principal feature in which was a match between those two famous Cowes cutters, the *Formosa* and *Vol-au-Vent*. The first-named was the conqueror. In the Western Yacht Club races, sailed on the 25th of July, the *Florinda* won the Queen's Cup, vanquishing the *Corisande*, *Jullanar*, *Ada*, and *Miranda*, and the *Vol-au-Vent* avenged her defeat of two days before, beating the *Formosa* in the cutter match. The latter vessel came in first and took the first prize in the match for all rigs of the Port of Plymouth Regatta, sailed on the day after the last-mentioned race; but on this occasion the *Vol-au-Vent* did not compete.

Assuredly the captains and crews of racing yachts are not likely to grow dull from want of practice at their work in these times. There was but a very brief interval between the last of the four regattas just spoken of and that of the Dorset Yacht Club, for the opening match of which a large number of vessels were entered. The *Formosa* headed the fleet at the end of the race, defeating the *Vol-au-Vent* amongst others, but the *Myosotis* took the first prize by time. The *Miranda* and two other schooners, the *Hildegard* and the *Shark*, sailed in this match, and the first-named vessel was very successful, coming in more than forty minutes before the *Hildegard*, which was ahead of the *Shark*. The *Miranda* was therefore supposed to have taken the schooner prize; but it appears that there was a protest against her, on the ground of her entry having been five minutes late, and that the *Hildegard*, beaten by nearly three-quarters of an hour, was adjudged the winner of the prize. In the Weymouth race, which was on the day after that last mentioned, the *Formosa* won, again defeating the *Vol-au-Vent*. The new cutter was also triumphant in the race for the Queen's Cup at Cowes, with which the Royal Yacht Squadron began, as she won by time; coming in a few minutes after the *Enchantress*, a huge schooner built in America and slightly altered in England. On August 8th, two days after this match, a cutter race of unusual interest was sailed, the competing vessels being the *Vol-au-Vent*, the *Formosa*, and the famous *Arrow*, which was built in 1822, and is therefore nominally fifty-six years old. We say nominally, because so much has been done to her since that the irreverent may be inclined to liken her to the Irishman's gun, which was an old weapon, but had a new lock, a new stock, and a new barrel. It appears from a recent article in the *Field* that in 1850 the *Arrow* was slightly altered and reconstructed, that in 1852 she was lengthened seventeen feet by the bow, and that in 1872 this was for a second time remodelled. It is to be feared, therefore, that not much of the original *Arrow* is left;

but, whatever the age of the timbers which now compose her may be, there is no doubt that she is an admirable vessel, and all but a match for the best modern cutters. In the Cowes race the *Vol-au-Vent* was victorious, the *Arrow* having to take the third place after a fine struggle with the *Formosa*; and on the succeeding day, when the three contended again in one of the Southampton Club matches, the result was the same. Subsequently, however, the *Arrow* greatly distinguished herself.

In the yawl match of the Royal Yacht Squadron the *Jullanar* won by time, although the *Florinda* and the *Corisande* were ahead of her at the end. The schooner race ought to have been one of the finest contests of the year, as nine vessels were entered for it, but it was marred by the unfortunate manner in which the start was managed; owing to an almost dead calm and to a strong tide, it was not possible for several of the yachts to get anywhere near the line which they had to cross at the time appointed for beginning the race. A steamer was indeed employed by the Club to tow them; but, when she had taken three vessels—the *Hildegard*, the *Enchantress*, and the *Egeria*—to good positions, the hour fixed by the programme for starting had come. A postponement might naturally have been expected; but there was none, and in consequence the three vessels which have been named went off with a great advantage over the others, some of which could not cross the line till long after gunfire. The principal feature in the match thus unhappily mismanaged was the brilliant sailing of the *Miranda*, as, although she made a very poor start, she took the prize by time from the *Corinne* and *Egeria*, and most thoroughly defeated the *Hildegard* and *Enchantress*. A protest was made by some of the owners of the yachts engaged in this race against the manner in which the start had been made, but without avail.

The schooner and yawl matches of the Southampton Yacht Club, sailed on the 7th and 9th of August, were won by the *Miranda* and *Neptune*. After the Cowes and Southampton races came of course those of Ryde, which were this year even more than usually successful. The match for all rigs, sailed in a strong breeze, was brilliantly won by the *Ada*, which led all through the race. Next day, when the breeze, though lighter, was quite vigorous enough to send the yachts very quickly through the water, the *Miranda* had to submit to defeat from the *Corinne*, and the *Florinda* was victorious over the *Corisande*, *Ada*, and *Jullanar*. In the race round the island the last-named yawl headed the fleet at the end, the *Vol-au-Vent* having carried away her topmast and gaff at a time when she seemed likely to be the winner. The *Miranda* beat the very large schooner *Elmina*, which took part in this race, and the two other schooners engaged in it, the *Hildegard* and *Enchantress*, got so far behind that they were not timed. The Ryde Regatta did not end with the sail round the island as, in consequence of the naval review, the cutter race which was to have taken place on Tuesday the 13th was postponed to Saturday the 17th, when there was a splendid struggle between the *Vol-au-Vent* and the *Arrow*, the former being victorious. The *Arrow* was, however, close to her at the end, and in the cutter match of the Albert Club Regatta, sailed three days afterwards, came in ahead of her famous antagonist; but, owing to the fatal time allowance, could not take the prize. The yawl race of this Club was won by the *Florinda*, the *Jullanar* having double bad luck as she touched a mark and afterwards went ashore. Her time of triumph was, however, close at hand. In the yawl match of the Torbay Regatta and in the race for all rigs of the Dart Club Regatta, both of which were sailed in very strong breezes, she achieved two brilliant victories. Admirable, too, were the performances of the *Arrow* in Western waters. Opposed to the *Vol-au-Vent* in the Torbay cutter match, she came in ahead of her, and in the race won by the *Jullanar* her sailing was second only to that of the wonderful yawl. With this contest, certainly as well worthy of note as any which took place during the year, the season came to an end, and the racing yachts dispersed either to cruise or to be hauled up on the mudbanks which receive them for winter seclusion.

NOTTINGHAM AND ITS ART MUSEUM.

NOW that the art collection housed within the old walls of Nottingham Castle is passing from the more showy, but temporary, condition of a loan Exhibition on the look-out for general attention to that of a permanent local institution, we feel that we may well call attention to so spirited and praiseworthy an enterprise. We do so the more readily as we have no doubt that the exhibition, opened before the end of the Session, suffered alike from the coincidence of the big Parisian show and the delirium of Eastern politics. The sudden death too, by a lamentable accident, of its chief promoter, Mr. Ward, then Mayor of Nottingham, very shortly before the opening day, spread a cloud over the whole proceeding, in spite of the Prince of Wales's presence. The question will be at once asked, Is there anything so special in the fact of Nottingham indulging in a local Museum or a Loan Exhibition? Has not Liverpool—to go no further—got the former, and have not Manchester and Leeds indulged in the latter? We are of course ready with the general answer that it is peculiarly ungracious to cavil at any place for taking up and extending a good custom. But, in fact, there do happen to be special considerations of an historical character which mark out the "Midland Counties Museum" from similar undertakings. It is in its material aspect not only an ornament and honour to the town in which it

stands, but it is the shame of a former generation, most creditably turned into the praise of the present time. Many people have, we dare say, heard of Nottingham Castle without very accurately realizing what it is. Perched upon a rock riddled with caverns, on the outskirts of one of the most picturesque of English towns, it had succeeded to the name and site of a mediæval fortress, but it was in itself a somewhat square and heavy, but rich and stately country house of rococo style, comprising centre and wings built about the middle of the seventeenth century. Its constructor was that Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, conspicuous as a Royalist and horseman, and as author of *La Méthode et l'invention nouvelle de dresser les chevaux*, published at Antwerp in 1657, and reprinted at home in 1667 in an English translation, whose wife, the Duchess Margaret, gave so much amusement to contemporary wits by her airs and her pretensions to authorship. The fragments of the founder's equestrian statue, battered by the rioters, still stand over a doorway, and among the rarities of the exhibition was shown one of the hoofs of the animal casually picked up in a London curiosity shop by the Duke who had suffered the damage. From the Cavendishes the Castle passed to the bearers of the same ducal title by later creation of the Holles and Clinton families. In 1831, however, a frantic Reform mob sacked the pile, and it continued till a very recent period a happily rare monument in recent England of popular violence. To be sure Nottingham and its "lamb" were almost unique for electioneering license, but this outrage could plead no supposed privilege, while the injured owner absolutely declined to repair the damage, thus very practically carrying out his famous adage, "May I not do what I like with my own?"

Happily a local exhibition at Nottingham in 1872 was a success, and its managers accordingly conceived a more ambitious project—that of acquiring and utilizing the remains of the Castle for a permanent museum. A lease of five hundred years from the Trustees of the Duke of Newcastle made the Corporation virtual owners of the ruin, and the works were placed in the hands of Mr. Hine, an able local architect, while the precipitous hill on which the building stood was effectively laid out as pleasure-ground. The old Castle could never have been conveniently restored as a country house so as to answer the requirements of modern civilization without radical alterations. Indeed its claims to be a country house at all would have been inferior to those of Buckingham Palace, and not to be compared to those of the villas in the Regent's Park. On the other hand, it lent itself admirably to the purposes of a town museum. Built as it had been on the French plan of rooms opening into each other, of which we still see specimens, though of a later date, at Chiswick and Castle Howard, it provides on its ground floor a series of well-lighted apartments for classified exhibition. Two stately staircases add to the picture space, and upstairs the building has been recast into a series of admirable picture galleries, broad enough, and not too high, well lighted from the top. The only change in the external structure is a curved external portico connecting the wings and lining the central block.

We do not attempt to enumerate the contributions which swelled the temporary exhibition. The pictures, old and new, bearing great names, from country houses and private collections, and the choice gathering of water-colour drawings, were a rare chance for untravelled lovers of art; while local interest was kept up by three special collections of the works of the still living painters, Mr. Henry Dawson and Mr. Clarence Whaite, and of Mr. E. J. Niemann, who died in 1876. One of the staircases was devoted to the celebrities of the Civil War on both sides—an appropriate choice, considering the part which Nottingham played in that eventful epoch. Among the special collections, those of Mr. Bowe of Japanese enamels, Major Walter's Japanese ceramics, and of Mr. Wells of Chinese and Indian art-work deserves to be noticed. The specimens of jewelled jade shown by the last-named collector were exquisite, and in different parts of the Museum ceramics of all ages and countries abounded—Japanese, Dresden, Sèvres, Wedgwood, &c. There was also a gallery full of mediæval and Renaissance embroidery (including the historical Fishmonger's Hall), and of the lace of many countries. Nottingham, in looking at these masterly products of the finger and the needle, may profitably reflect on the inferiority of its mechanically-woven curtains, with their impossible perspectives and vulgar presentments of ships and trees. The South Kensington Museum is a large contributor, mainly in the way of facsimiles, with which we have no quarrel, so long as it is clearly explained by way of label, and not in the recesses of a catalogue, that they are imitations. The descriptive department of this exhibition might have been improved. No doubt the sale of catalogues swells profits; but we protest, alike in the case of public and private collections, against the necessity of catalogues. A catalogue is always a valuable document, but it ought never to be wanted to know the name of painter or of subject or the date of production. It is a merely traditional affectation which prevents those facts from being recorded on every picture worth looking at. In itself the neglect of this provision is as ridiculous as would be a custom to number the plants in a garden as references to a catalogue kept by the gardener. Autumn has arrived with its summons to the walls to yield back their masterpieces, and the cases will be standing empty of their glittering contents, while the gaps will be slowly and charily replaced by gift or loan, and the Nottingham Museum will start on its new and permanent career. It will, of course, then look poor and empty in com-

parison with its original condition, and probably be the object of unfair depreciatory criticism. We can only advise it to hold on, beg and borrow boldly, and live down its detractors. A provincial museum ought always to be greedy of local biography, antiquities, and topography. When these have been secured—a process in itself gradual—good copies of first-class examples come before second-rate originals.

The view from the Castle grounds, and particularly from the terrace which girds the building, is exceptionally picturesque (we might say Turneresque), and presents Nottingham in favourable contrast to several other of our largest towns. We have already noticed the peculiarity of the position. Glimpses of neighbouring country are not wanting, a new park climbs an opposite slope, and the town itself shows well on its hilly site. From local circumstances large unbuilt tracts of ground had survived between the old town and the slums, and these have recently been covered by structures of a superior class, which warm red brick, and Mr. Hine's taste in giving them something of a Gothic and architectural aspect, redeem from the insipidity which so often blights a modern English town. Old Nottingham, invisible as it is from the Castle, can boast of its huge Perpendicular church, memorable for a picture by Fra Bartolommeo, and well restored by Scott, and of its vast irregular market-place, surrounded by stately houses, mostly in the style which it is here no untruth to call Queen Anne's. The ensemble of this area, to which the inhabitants refer with pride as the largest market-place in England, carries the thoughts of the traveller thirsting after the picturesque to the public places of some old Flemish or German town rather than to the seat of the prosaic traffic of Midland farmers.

THE FALL IN WAGES.

THE serious fall in wages which is going on all over the country is a grave symptom of the economical situation. A couple of weeks ago Mr. Chamberlain, to whose arbitration the matter had been referred, awarded a reduction of five per cent. in the case of the South Staffordshire ironworkers. The employers in North Staffordshire are demanding a similar concession, offering as an alternative a slight increase if the men will work an additional hour daily. The puddlers of the Sheffield district have submitted to the sacrifice, yet men continue to be discharged in large numbers. The coal-owners of Northumberland have called upon the miners to submit to a reduction of twelve and a half per cent., and also to work an extra hour per diem. The shipbuilders of the Clyde have agreed, under protest, to take seven and a half per cent. less than they have lately been receiving. And the millowners of North and North-East Lancashire are said to be preparing to enforce another lowering of ten per cent.; in Oldham the notices have actually been issued. At Birmingham there is a strike of sheet-glass makers against a cutting down of wages; and at Edinburgh, Leith, and Haddington the masons have struck from the same cause. But perhaps the most remarkable labour dispute of all is that which is agitating Kent and Sussex respecting a reduction in the wages of agricultural labourers to the extent of eightpence a week, or over nine per cent. This dispute, which, by the way, has its counterpart in Suffolk, though upon a smaller scale, is noteworthy as proving that the old relations between farmer and labourer have definitively ceased to exist. The patriarchal system has broken down, and henceforth the commercial spirit rules supreme. The farmers allege in vindication of their present proceeding the previous action of the Unions. The labourers, on the other hand, assert that, if their former conduct needed any justification, it would be supplied by the present attitude of their employers. The truth doubtless is that it is no longer possible to withdraw any English industry from the influence of competition.

The instances which we have enumerated—and we do not by any means pretend to have exhausted the list—show sufficiently clearly that the movement for the lowering of wages is general, and that it extends to most of the great trades of the country. What makes it most serious is that it comes after a series of reductions which have deprived the working classes of all the increase of income they gained in the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war; and in fact, in many cases, it has thrown them back fifteen or twenty years. It is true that the hours of labour are now much shorter than they were in 1870, and consequently the comparison of the rate of wages with that of the preceding period is not quite fair. Still, even bearing this in mind, the falling-off in earnings since the prevailing depression set in is extraordinary. Let us take, for example, the iron trade. Messrs. Fallows and Co. have recently printed a table of the price of Scotch pig iron and the average wages of Scotch miners during the past twenty years, which enables us to set out the matter very clearly. In the whole period up to last December the lowest point touched by wages was in 1861, when the daily earnings averaged three shillings. But now the average has fallen to two and ninepence. Even compared with seventeen years ago, therefore, Scotch miners are worse off by 8½ per cent. As compared with 1873—the year of greatest inflation—the fall is from eight and sixpence to two and ninepence, or almost seventy per cent. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the iron industry has suffered the longest and the most severely of all from the depression. It was in it that the great inflation occurred which was the fore-

runner of panic and crisis. It was the first to collapse, and it has never recovered from the blow. Naturally, therefore, the fall of wages in that business is greatly in excess of the fall generally. Yet this extreme case serves to illustrate vividly what has been going on more gently throughout the country.

It is a circumstance not less surprising than encouraging that, in spite of the serious loss of income by the working classes which we have been tracing, pauperism is much less now than it was before the Franco-German war. The most striking feature of the present depression, indeed, is that pauperism continued steadily to decrease during the first three years, and that it is only during the current twelvemonth that there has been a sensible increase. Yet even now the burden is less than it was during the depression that followed the Overend and Gurney failure. The fact testifies strongly to the vastly augmented prosperity of the country. In his paper upon recent accumulations of capital Mr. Giffen has shown us how enormous has been the growth of wealth in the interval, which partly explains the circumstance. But there must also have been much more saving by the working classes than they have got credit for. No doubt part of the decrease of pauperism is due to stricter administration, to a more rigorous enforcement of the workhouse test. But, if there was real destitution, relief would have to be given. And the fact that there is not widespread destitution, in spite of mills closed and furnaces blown out, of hands discharged and machinery running short time, of strikes and lock-outs, must be due to the working classes themselves more largely than is admitted. They must have had savings to fall back upon when employment became scarce. How long their thrift will avail to keep off the suffering and the discontent usual in past periods of stagnation remains to be seen. For the present the exceptional cheapness of bread mitigates the loss of income. The average price of wheat throughout England last week was, according to the *Gazette*, only 39s. a quarter, which is extraordinarily low. The working classes have thus to pay much less for their staple food than for many years past, and consequently are better able to bear a lowering of wages—are not so soon reduced to absolute penury. But this does not apply to the past three years, when bread was dear. Twelve months ago, for example, wheat was as high as 53s.

The influence of the fall of wages upon trade is even more important than its effect upon the growth of pauperism; or rather, the latter will be subordinated to the former. The action will be twofold. The prevailing depression, as we have often had occasion to point out, is caused by a failure of consumption. We have in this country capital, labour, skill, and machinery enough to produce a vastly larger amount of goods than our customers are able to buy from us. Hence our difficulties. As the fall of wages that is going on will lower the cost of production, and so will permit a reduction of price, its tendency obviously is to stimulate consumption. But the question is, how far must the fall proceed before the stimulus takes effect? The reduction of wages effected in the cotton trade a few months ago has been absolutely unavailing. Matters, instead of improving, have become worse. The short time recommended by the operatives is being very generally adopted, and yet there is already talk of a further reduction. This cannot go on indefinitely without producing widespread distress. It has to be endured, of course, for manufacturers cannot continue producing at a loss; but the danger is that all the sacrifice will be in vain. It is at least arguable that the real disease now is want of confidence rather than the overcostliness of production. A little while ago there were many symptoms of improvement, when suddenly the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank annihilated credit and paralysed enterprise. The revived apprehensions respecting the Eastern question aggravate the evil, and so does the poverty of India and China consequent on famines. The renewed depreciation of silver is likewise a disorganizing agent. This brings us to the second effect of a fall of wages. By diminishing the income of the working classes, who, after all, constitute the vast majority of the population, it lessens their purchasing power, and so tends to reduce consumption. When we consider the numbers affected by a fall in wages, and bear in mind how vast is the sum which their aggregate weekly expenditure makes up, we shall see that the deduction from this sum of even a shilling a week for each head of a family must produce a very serious result. In fact, it is the outlay of the working classes that constitutes the effective demand for the commoner and cheaper articles of trade, and a reduction of this demand by a small amount for each family makes the difference between good and bad business. If the fall of wages does not proceed further than the exceptional cheapness of bread compensates for, matters will be no worse than they were a year ago; we shall simply lose the stimulus to trade which working-class prosperity would have supplied. But if the fall goes further, it may neutralize the benefit to be expected from the cheapening of production by lessening the consuming power of the masses of the people.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THOSE who had neglected racing matters during the summer had an excellent opportunity of atoning for their past omissions at the Houghton Meeting. Attendance at six consecutive days' racing, including more than fifty races, should surely be sufficient to make up for any previous apathy. The very first race of

the late meeting was an interesting affair. Kaleidoscope was naturally made the favourite, and he won the race, but he had to wear down that unattractive-looking animal Antient Pistol, inch by inch, and he barely succeeded in beating him by a head. Antient Pistol was receiving the enormous weight of 25 lbs. from the winner, and as he is in very good form just at present, it is not surprising that he made Kaleidoscope gallop. Large fields started for each of the two races which followed, and in both cases outsiders won. In the second there was a magnificent race between Woodquest, Red Hazard, and Katherine. The three horses seemed to come to the winning post in a line, but the first-named won by a head, the other two running a dead-heat. That handsome son of Rosicrucian—Cagliostro—showed what he could do when in the humour, by cantering in at his leisure for the All Aged Selling Stakes, although he was not the favourite. Unfortunately the days when this good-looking colt is in a mood for racing are few and far between. Twenty-three horses ran for the Nursery Handicap, but it was a runaway affair for the curiously-named High and Mity, by Parmesan out of Noblesse, who left some very fair two-year-olds behind him. The great event of the day was the Criterion Stakes. Rayon d'Or was giving from 5 lbs. to 9 lbs. to his opponents, of whom Monsieur Philippe and Massena were generally considered the most dangerous. The first-named had finished within a length of Peter in the Rous Memorial Stakes, and he now maintained his reputation by winning in a canter by a length and a half. The good-looking Lancastrian was second, and half a length behind him came Rayon d'Or. The winner is neither in the Derby nor any other important three-year-old race of next spring, with the exception of the Grand Prix de Paris. On the Cambridgeshire day over eighty horses took part in the races. Two events, for each of which sixteen horses started, produced splendid finishes. In the first of these Cagliostro appeared to be winning, but he did not fight quite hard enough, and allowed Tower and Sword to pass and beat him by a head, while Sutler was only a head behind him. In the other race referred to, Rosalind and Episcopus ran a dead-heat, with Admiral Nelson only a head behind them. The two races which followed the Cambridgeshire were won in common canters, the one by old Oxonian and the other by Charibert.

The Wednesday was distinguished by what Turf writers call a "feature," and it was by no means an unpleasant one. There was no betting on future events. Usually, between the noisy gambling of the races of the day, advantage is taken of the slightest lull by some loud-voiced bookmaker for offering to bet on the Chester Cup, City and Suburban, Cesarewitch, or Cambridgeshire, as the case may be; but on the day in question there was no particular future event to bet upon. In old days there would have been some gambling on the next year's Derby, but now little betting takes place upon that race until the spring. It is probable, however, that there is, upon the whole, quite as much betting as formerly, in proof of which we may quote the rumour that two persons won 20,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* over the two principal autumn handicaps alone. Antient Pistol had only the wretched Gordon to beat in the Second Class Cesarewitch; and in the Home-Bred Foal Stakes a filly of Lord Falmouth's, named Placentia, won easily, George Albert, who was first favourite, and of whom great things were expected, being absolutely last. Monsieur Philippe, the winner of the Criterion Stakes, came out again for the New Nursery; but 8 st. 10 lbs. was more than he could carry, and Japonica, to whom he was giving 15 lbs.—an enormous concession for one two-year-old to make to another—slipped away from him coming down the hill; and, although he made a gallant effort, he never caught her again. There was a good race for the Stand Handicap; Jacobin, a hunt-cup winner, who had at one time been backed for the Cambridgeshire, was made the favourite; but the outsider Beadman won, after a hard battle with Camembert and Katherine. The Dewhurst Stakes brought out the famous Wheel of Fortune, the best two-year-old performer of the year. Peace, to whom she was giving 7 lbs., had run Peter to a neck at about the same difference of weight, and was the second favourite. Leoville and Discord, too, were backed at long prices. Thirteen ran, and Wheel of Fortune had the race at her mercy the moment she was really set going, although Archer had to hurry her a little to get out of the way of Peace and Adventure, who hung a good deal to one side in a certain part of the race. All agree that she is the best two-year-old of the season; but, while some excellent judges consider her to be the best-shaped and most powerful two-year-old they have ever seen, others of equal experience doubt whether she is quite high enough, and advance other reasons for questioning whether she is as likely to prove as superior to her rivals of the same year at three as at two.

The early part of the week had been favoured with very tolerable weather for a Houghton Meeting; but early on the Thursday morning there was a tremendous storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and although it was tolerably fine during the racing, there was a boisterous wind throughout the afternoon. The sentry-box on wheels, which is used as a judge's chair for races ending on the Bushes Hill, slipped its moorings, and sailed along merrily before the wind, pursued by a scarlet-coated official on horseback. The sport began by Antient Pistol winning another race, and then backers laid 4 to 1 on the rather leggy Leoville for the Home-bred Sweepstakes. They won their money; but not without a good fight, for their representative only just secured the race by a head. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes, the weights for which are published before the Derby, brought out Insulaire, Lord Clive,

Clementine, and Broad Corrie. Clementine made the running until she was fairly exhausted, and then Lord Clive went to the front and won by three lengths. Insulaire was second. Looking at this and the other running of Lord Clive, there are grounds for supposing him to be about the best three-year-old of the season, and it is quite possible that, had no mistake been made in his nomination, he might have won the Derby. It is generally understood that he was disappointed at the start for the Cambridgeshire, which must be taken as an explanation of his inglorious performance in that race. We are unlikely to know with any certainty this year, if ever, whether Jannette, Sefton, or Lord Clive is the best racehorse. Unfortunately, too, from one cause or another, when we have been left in the dark as to the comparative merits of three-year-olds, we seldom know very much more about them as four-year-olds. Although it is far from improbable that Lord Clive may be quite as good as Jannette or Sefton, he would in all probability be beaten by both of them in a race under a mile and a quarter, unless ridden with great skill, as he is about as bad a starter as can be imagined. One of those anomalous Selling Stakes by which the winner apparently loses one or two hundred pounds was won by Blair Athol's uncertain son Beddington, who ran nine times before he won a race; and Discord by See Saw, who is turning out a very fair colt, won the Houghton Stakes. A field of twenty two-year-olds ran for the Bretby Nursery Plate, and three of them made a very fine race of it. Knight of Burghley was leading as they were running in, when Breadfinder, a filly that had won a race at the last meeting, caught him in the last few strides, and, shooting her neck in front, won the race. In the Limited Free Handicap, Miss Pool, who had run well as far as the Red Post in the Cambridgeshire, beat horses of a good class, such as Julius Caesar, Clocher, and Thunderstone; but she was very lightly handicapped, while they were carrying heavy burdens. Inval was giving Jagellon a year at even weights in the Dullingham Handicap, but he started first favourite nevertheless. Halfway up the hill Jagellon, who was leading, tried to swerve and relinquish all effort; but Fordham gave him a smart cut or two with his whip just at the proper moment, and shook him up so resolutely that the horse started off afresh from sheer astonishment; and, before he had time to recover from his surprise, he had won the race. During the six days' racing there was no finer piece of riding than this.

The prettiest race on the Friday was that for the old Nursery Stakes, in which the whole field ran in a compact body until it was half-way down the Bushes Hill; and the end of the race was worthy of its beginning. Out of Bounds, a chestnut filly by Hermit, beating Exmouth after a severe race by a head only. The old rivals Trappist and Ecossais had another duel in the All Aged Selling Stakes. Their previous running, though not to be depended on, seemed to demonstrate very clearly that Trappist was at any rate a few pounds the better of the pair, and he had now only to give 3 lbs. to his opponent; his friends therefore laid 2 to 1 on him pretty freely. The moment the flag fell they both went away like a flash of lightning, and Trappist had his neck in front as far as the Bushes. It was now evident that he had the race in hand, when, from no conceivable motive, he suddenly relapsed into a prosaic canter, and slowly followed Ecossais to the winning post. An interesting lot of horses came out for the Jockey Club Cup. Unfortunately, however, they were not all at their best. Lady Golightly has scarcely been in good form at any time during the summer. Hampton had had a severe race three days before in the Cambridgeshire, and like some other horses by Lord Clifden, he is not very quick in recovering from the effects of a hard struggle. His weight, too, of 10 st., was a heavy one for a small horse to carry over such a distance as two miles and a quarter. Verneuil had an enlarged hock, which was enough to make any sensible person mistrust his chance. Start was well enough in health and condition, but she lacked quality. The best of the lot for the time being, therefore, were Silvio and Insulaire. Verneuil and Start made the running, followed by Lady Golightly, but when it came to macing the whole of the party fell back, taking Hampton with them, and left the battle to Silvio and Insulaire. The poor little black horse has acquired such a confirmed habit of running second that he apparently cannot overcome it, and on this occasion he made no exception to his general rule. Still he seemed to challenge Silvio very resolutely, and he lost an interesting race by a length. It was a mere matter of form for Rayon d'Or to win the Glasgow Stakes, and the rest of the Friday's racing was devoid of general interest.

The last day's racing was by no means the best; but still some of the finishes were closely contested, three of them being won by no more than a head. The best race was that for the Apprentices' Plate, in which the little boys who rode the first and second horses displayed skill worthy of more experienced hands. The two celebrated T.Y.C. horses, Trappist and Lollypop, started for the Houghton Handicap, the latter, who had 5 lbs. the best of the weights, being first favourite; but neither of them took a prominent position in the race, which was won by Red Hazard, to whom Trappist was giving nearly three stone, an allowance of weight the effect of which was practically increased by the heavy state of the ground. Hydromel beat Clocher for the Winding-up Handicap, and thus Lord Falmouth won the last as well as the first race run at Newmarket during the year 1878. Never has there been a better season at Newmarket than that which has just been concluded. Racing seemed rather on the decline at headquarters a few years ago, but owing to the introduction of new and valuable stakes, and a general improvement in the management, sport is now seen in greater perfection at New-

market than elsewhere. Although a good deal of rain fell in the nights and early mornings of the Houghton Meeting, the weather during the racing was unusually fine for the time of year. Lovers of horseflesh had abundant opportunities of gratifying their taste, as more than four hundred and thirty horses ran in the course of the week. Altogether, the late Houghton Meeting was a decided success.

REVIEWS.

THE POEMS OF VILLON.*

THERE is not in the annals of literature a more extraordinary story than that of François de Montcorbier, or Villon, and of his poetry. The researches of M. Longnon have more than confirmed the popular traditions about Villon, and have made it perfectly certain that he was a common thief and housebreaker. That such a person should have been possessed of a genius which quite escaped all those limitations of time and circumstance by which his contemporaries were bound; that he should have lavished wit, remorse, knowledge of life, and that originality which is the essence of poetry, as freely as Byron, is a kind of literary miracle. In reading through Villon's "Grand Testament" one is struck afresh by the recklessness of his talent. He is so far a popular poet that he sings entirely without hope of fame or reward; he merely gives rhymed expression to what he feels, and it is enough for him if the clerks and town banditti, the dissolute friars, and the light women of Paris repeat his verses for a day. Thus his lines are absolutely unaffected, and his humorous scorn of himself, his peevish self-pity, his feeble thoughts of repentance, and his knowledge that he is quite incorrigible, are poured forth as naturally as the whining blessings and curses of an expectant or disappointed tramp. Along with the swift stream of jest, banter, and despair, certain fragments of higher poetry are borne, the ballades in which Villon, looking out of his water-dungeon, "where light nor air nor levin enter not," watches the world, and meditates on the fate of men, on wealth, beauty, love, and power that last only for a day. The whole makes a collection without parallel in verse, and withal such a pitiful exhibition of human littleness that it does not bear to be looked at steadily or for long at a time.

We have been compelled to admit thus much by the perusal of Mr. Payne's translation of Villon's poetry "in the original forms." Mr. Payne's volume is not published, being intended for members of the Villon Society; but we have ascertained that there is no indiscretion in reviewing this laborious and, for the most part, successful effort. It is easy to argue that the whole of Villon should not be translated. He is constantly saying things that require to be hidden by the decent obscurity of old French, things that are bad enough in their place, and would be infinitely more offensive in English. People who ought to read Villon at all should be able to read him in the original. Admitting the force of these arguments if a popular translation were in question, we do not see that they apply to a work of circulation so limited as Mr. Payne has designedly made his own. There is such a thing as an art of translation, we venture to think; an art which makes very slow progress, and has no definite rules. A translator is justified by his works if he can enrich a language with a poem which previously it lacked, a piece satisfactory in itself, and at the same time a fit representation of a poem in another language. Some of Thackeray's translations of Béranger answer this definition, and so does his paraphrase of a sonnet of Ronsard's. But, when we speak of paraphrase, the question arises, ought not a translation to keep to the exact metrical form of the original? There can be little doubt that, when one modern language borrows from another, the exact metrical form should be preserved. This is especially the case with Villon and with the men of his age. They wrote in those curious technical forms which Chaucer and others attempted for a moment to imitate. If the form is not retained, a good deal of the essence is apt to evaporate. Fragments of Villon have been laxly and limply rendered by one or two English writers into the easiest lyrical form that came to hand. Mr. Rossetti went nearer to the original form in two admirable versions; but he did not bind himself with the bonds of Villon's system of rhyme. Some of Mr. Swinburne's attempts were so lax, he was so little careful of the sense of his model, that he must be judged to have occasionally failed. Mr. Payne's attempt to secure a type of translation by facing the difficulties of an obscure and corrupt text is therefore a very bold one. If he succeeds, the problem of versified translation is solved in the hardest of all cases, except the case of extreme simplicity. A man may render Villon well and yet fail hopelessly with Heine, who himself thought that his songs could only be translated into English prose.

It cannot be said that Mr. Payne has done full justice to Villon, for he fails, now and then, just when the poet is at his best. There is a singular mixture of closeness and laxness of rendering, though accurate work greatly preponderates. Mr. Payne does not mention, as far as we observe, the text that he follows, and probably he has had to construct by an eclectic process a text for himself. In the fourth stanza of the "Little Testament" the mean-

* *The Poems of Master Francis Villon of Paris; now first done into English Verse in the Original Forms.* By John Payne, Author of "The Masque of Shadows," "Intaglios," "Songs of Life and Death," &c. London: Printed for the Villon Society for Private Distribution. 1878.

ing of the original is scarcely recognizable. We quote from the edition of M. Paul Lacroix (Paris, 1877):—

Et se j'ay prins en ma faveur
Ces doux regards et beaultz semblans
De tres decevante saveur
Me tres perçans jusques aux flancs,
Bien ilz ont vers moy les piez blancs
Et me faillent au grant besoing.
Planter me fault autres complans
Et frapper en un autre coing.

Mr. Payne renders this:—

Wherefore, the past considering,
I am through smitten with fierce pain;
For of each sweet and pleasant thing
Whereto of old my heart was fain,
Alas! but memories remain,
That come to me with dusty feet:
Needs must I plant with other grain,
And seek new shelter from the heat.

This is not too close, though most persons will find it hard to get nearer the original. The seventh stanza is not only remote from the model, whatever reading we follow, but it is an example of the *Raffinierung* of which Mr. Payne is every now and then guilty. As a rule, where Villon is crude, his translator is quite abreast with him; but where Villon is simple, the English version is sometimes too pretty. Thus in Stanza 13 we read of "his beef with roses garlanded," where roses are not in the text; and M. Lacroix says, "les bouchers couronnaient de feuillages la viande des animaux fraîchement tués." The beef of Easter-day is still garlanded with leaves. Roses would look but ill in a butcher's shop. In Stanza 29, where Villon leaves some grotesque legacy—

Aux pignons qui sont en l'essoine,
Enserrez soubz trappe voliere.
To those that in the trap are ta'en
Bound hand and foot in close duress,

Mr. Payne might have remembered the "Bocardo birds" in the old Oxford prison. We do not know why he has omitted the very characteristic Stanzas 36, 37, 38, and 39. In these lines Villon parades his scholastic psychology:—

Je l'ay leu et bien m'en souvient,
En Aristote aucunes fois.

Then come the picturesque lines:—

Mais mon encre estoit gelé,
Et mon cierge estoit soufflé
De feu je n'eusse pu finer.

It is like an etching of the poor Paris student's winter-life, just before he finally becomes a member of a gang of burglars, and leaves Aristotle to the bookworms. These verses, which were discovered by Prompsault, are much more likely to be Villon's than the two undidying *ballades*, often attributed to Jean Marot, which Mr. Payne has translated.

The "Grand Testament" was written after Louis XI. released Villon from the dungeon and the torture-room of Bishop Thibault d'Aussigny. As the poet's health was absolutely ruined by profligacy, cold, wet, and hunger, it is probable enough that the "Grand Testament" really was written out as a farewell to the world, and as a compilation of all that he had to leave. Mr. Payne has been wonderfully successful in getting sense out of verses often corrupt and always full of slang, and of the personal and private jests of a set of thievish students. There are what seem to be slips here and there, as—

Si prieray pour luy de bon cœur
Et pour l'ame de feu Cotard.
And pray for him I will, to boot,
By Master Cotard's soul I swear.

It is hard to say why

Car de lire je suis faitard,

should be rendered:—

For, in good sooth, I'm ill at prayer!

Villon is saying that he will repeat a prayer by rote, that he will not read a prayer. In Stanza 41 Mr. Payne actually renders

Corps féminin, qui tant est tendre,
Poly, souef, si precieulx.
E'en women's bodies, *gent and snell*,
That are as white and soft as snow.

Snell, we believe, means bleak, sharp, swift, as

There cam a wind out o' the north,
A sharp wind and a snell.

Nothing can be further in meaning from "Poly, souef, si precieulx."

We now come to a translation so exquisitely bad that, when once we have remarked on it, lesser errors need no longer be noticed, and we may turn to the more pleasant task of quoting some of Mr. Payne's successes. The "Ballad of Dead Ladies" is Villon's most famous piece. It has been quoted a thousand times; and Mr. Rossetti's translation, though it chances to vary from the scheme of rhymes of the original, is almost as popular in England. Here is Mr. Payne's version:—

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

I.

Tell me in what land of shade
Dwells fair Flora of Rome, and where
Do Thais and Archipiade
Hide from the middle modern air?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river flow
Or marish, answers here and there?
But what has become of last year's snow?

II.
Where is Heloise the staid,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen whose orders were
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

III.
Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Flat-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen, and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys—lo!
Where are they, sovereign virgin, where?
But what has become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince, you shall never question where
They are, this week nor this year, I trow.
Except the answer this burden bear,
But what has become of last year's snow?

We really do not know where to begin to criticize this sad and limping *ballade*. The refrain is a most prosaic rendering of "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" "What has become of last year's snow?" is of the very essence of colloquial English. "The middle modern air" is a term Villon could not possibly have used; the idea of *modernité* was as far from him as the invention of Mr. Edison's tasimeter. As a rule, Mr. Payne uses a slightly archaic style which is as much in its place in a translation of a writer of the fifteenth century as "the middle modern air" is desperately incongruous. It is hard to call "la très-sage Héloïse," the passionate and learned, "Heloise the staid." Oh rhyme, what things are done in thy name! As to "the queen whose orders were," she clearly lived "in the middle modern air," if not in the modern middle classes. Villon has nothing in the world to say about the "turret-stair," which is another concession to rhyme. We need hardly remark on such rhymes as "wear" and "were" and "where," and the recurrence of "were," and the use of "maid" and "made" in close juxtaposition. If Villon's *ballades* could only be rendered by such perversions of "the laws of God and man and metre," it would be much better to leave them in the old French.

"The Doctrine of the Fair Helm-maker to the Light o' Loves" might atone for the "Ballade of Dead Ladies" if Mr. Payne had not been compelled to repeat his rhyming words, thereby violating the rules of the very difficult game he has chosen to play. It is clear we could all succeed at lawn-tennis if we might serve from the service-line, and if we might make as many "faults" as we choose. Mr. Payne allows himself any number of what purists will think "faults" in his ballades. Now there should be none of these blemishes if the promise of the work is to be kept, and if Villon's poems are really "to be done into English in the original forms."

It is strange that a translator should give himself such license who has produced a really classical and sufficient version of Villon's "Double Ballade of Light Lovers," and a perfectly amazing transcript of the "Ballade of Evil Tongues." Sir Thomas Urquhart, the old and masterly translator of Rabelais, is almost outdone by this lyrical Billingsgate. The ballade that Villon made at the request of his mother, again, is really a poem, and Mr. Payne has succeeded where Mr. Rossetti, though he too was successful, evaded the prime difficulty of recurring rhymes:—

I.
Lady of Heaven, Regent of the Earth,
Empress of all the marish pools of Hell,
Receive me, Thy poor Christian nothing worth,
In the fair midst of Thine elect to dwell:
Albeit my lack of grace I know full well;
For that Thy grace, my Lady and my Queen,
Aboundeth more than all my sins, I ween,
Withouten which no soul of all that sigh
May merit Heaven. So God may make me clean,
In this belief I will to live and die.

II.
Say to Thy Son, I am His—that by his birth
And death my sins may be redeemable—
As Mary of Egypt's dole was changed to mirth,
And eke Theophilus', of whom men tell
He was of Thee absolved, albeit to Hell
The poor clerk's soul had long contracted been,
Assolzie me, that I may have no teen.
Maid, that without breach of virginity
Didst bear our Lord that in the Host is seen,
In this belief I will to live and die.

III.
A poor old wife I am, and little worth;
Nothing I know; ne'er could I read or spell.
In cloister, in the parish of my birth,
I see Heaven limned, with harps and lutes a-swell,
And miscreants seething in a painted Hell;
One doth me fear, the other joy serene.
Grant I may have the joy, O dear my Queen,
To whom all sinners lift their hands on high,
Made whole in faith withouten let or teen.
In this belief I will to live and die.

ENVOI.

Thou didst conceive, O sweet and dear my Queen,
Jesus the Lord, that hath nor end nor mean,
Almighty, that did put off Heaven's sheen
To succour us, put on our frailty;
Offering to death His sweet of young and green:
Such as He is, our Lord he is, I ween:
In this belief I will to live and die.

"The Ballade of Good Doctrine," with its swifter movement, is much inferior to the more stately religious poem. On the other hand, it would be hard to better the Rondel beginning "Aeternam Requiem dona." The "Ballad of the Enemies of France" seems to us as excellent as Mr. Swinburne's translation. Mr. Payne has left the "Jargon ou Jobelin" alone. It is rather a topic for philologists than for poets, though it contains an example of a singular form of the ballade, more common in the fourteenth century. Though the translation is not absolutely perfect as a whole, it is capable, we think, of being made a thoroughly accurate English rendering of Villon. The "Ballade of Old-Time Ladies" would have to be sacrificed, and several other ballades might be improved in accuracy and in swiftness of movement. The absence of the double rhyme is often felt in a kind of heaviness and tardiness. Meanwhile Mr. Payne's work, with its beautiful paper and type, its accurate printing, its reproduction in facsimile of an old woodcut, and of passages from MS. and from black-letter texts, is a joy of the bibliophile, for whom we fancy it is intended. M. Théodore de Banville graces the volume with a ballade of salutation to the translator.

DYER'S ENGLISH FOLK-LORE.*

OF late years there has been a growing interest in the study of Folk-lore"; and, as a result of this interest, Mr. Dyer tells his readers in a short preface, "a Folk-lore Society" has been formed early in the present year. The little volume which bears the title of "English Folk-Lore" is, it may be supposed, a contribution to the work which the Society has undertaken; and its author has explained his object in publishing it in a few words which anticipate the criticism suggested by its style and contents. "It is not intended to be exhaustive"; but it is designed for popular use as a means of conveying "information about some of those superstitions which still linger on here and there throughout the country." As the word "folk-lore" has not as yet come into popular use, and as Mr. Dyer has given no definition of the term or indication of its meaning except in the sentence last quoted, his readers may imagine that "folk-lore" is "information about superstitions"—a mistake against which the author should at least have forewarned them. He has done good service in an inquiry which he truly describes as "of importance both in our social and domestic history"; and the matter which he has collected is valuable in its way, although his method and style cannot be commended from a literary point of view. The book contains a quantity of miscellaneous material for other writers to sift and arrange; and it may be of use in suggesting to readers in different parts of the country that they should observe and communicate through the press the traces of similar material which may fall within their own experience. For local tradition, which we suppose to be very much the same thing as folk-lore, under a less archaic designation, is gradually dying out, as we have noticed in a former article, and all its treasures which are not stored in some permanent form must be lost in the passing away of the living memory. Even could this loss be avoided, the fusion of modern English social life is destroying the old distinctions which marked off the people of one county or neighbourhood from those of another; and the traditions orally current in a manufacturing town might thus be as little indigenous, or as little associated in their origin and history, as the plants in a flower-garden. A collection of the true local traditions of England, if it is to possess any literary value, must classify them upon some scientific method, and must at least give some assistance in tracing them to their origin and in comparing their different forms.

We do not find fault with Mr. Dyer's division of his matter into chapters under headings such as "I. Plants. II. The Moon. . . VI. Charms. VII. Birth," and so on, because it may be convenient in some respects, just as it may be convenient to arrange one's books on the shelves according to the size of the volumes, and not according to the subject-matter; but an author who professes to take local tradition, or folk-lore, if he so please to call it, for his subject ought to have some clear notion in his own mind of what constitutes a tradition. It is evident that a stupid joke out of a "Slang Dictionary," such as we find dragged into connexion with the phrase "to grin like a Cheshire cat," is irrelevant and worthless. It is no "explanation," "curious" or otherwise, to write that "Cheshire is a county palatine, and the cats, when they think of it, cannot help laughing." Equally out of place are remains of the ballad literature of bygone religious controversy, unless some real tradition is incidentally contained in the doggerel. The character and intention of the following "rhymes upon the several days of the week" need no comment:—

You know that Monday is Sunday's brother;
Tuesday is such another;
Wednesday you must go to church and pray;
Thursday is half-holiday;
On Friday it is too late to begin to spin;
The Saturday is half-holiday agen.

The date of these lines is given as 1639. Upon another set, conveying a housewifely lecture directed against laziness from a merely secular point of view, it is gravely remarked that the lines show "attention paid to the day washing is done":—

They that wash on Monday have a whole week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday are not so much arye;

* *English Folk-Lore*. By the Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer, M.A. Oxon, Author of "British Popular Customs, Past and Present." London: Hardwicke & Bogue. 1878.

They that wash on Wednesday may get their clothes clean;
They that wash on Thursday are not so much to mean;
They that wash on Friday wash for their need;
But they that wash on Saturday are clarty-paps indeed.

As "clarty-paps" is explained to be "equivalent to dirty sluts," the confusion of ideas which mixes up these domestic maxims with "superstitions" about lucky and unlucky days is unaccountable.

"High spirits have been supposed to forebode evil, and to presage impending death." This is instanced with perfect regularity among a group of traditions relating to death; but the illustrative "quotation" from Shakspeare (*Richard III.*, act iii. sc. 2) exhibits a various reading which we do not remember to have met:—

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure;
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
And yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
Before dinner-time, Hastings is beheaded.

Possibly the last line may merely indicate that Mr. Dyer was "jocund" and "had no cause to mistrust" the printer. Another time he may perhaps look more cautiously at his proofs, when he has quoted Shakspeare with footnotes of his own; and, at the same time it would not be amiss if an exact reference assisted in the verification of any extract he might make from Bede. "The custom [of the passing bell] is," we find, "of very great antiquity, being alluded to by Bede:—

When the bell begins to toll,
Lord, have mercy on the soul."

But perhaps the author to whom this rhyme is referred may be the Bede from whom Mr. Dyer elsewhere makes copious quotations, and not the "Venerable" historian of the English Church.)

In a commonplace book or an album of printed scraps no regular classification of material may be possible; yet even in such a case the elementary divisions of "folk-lore" or tradition might be observed by the use of separate parts of the volume. No division is more obvious than that which distinguishes tradition received on authority from that which professes only to record the results of observation. There may be a borderland between the two which does not allow of sharp lines of demarcation; but the general area of the two regions is sufficiently distinct. The former may deserve to be marked with the character of "superstition"; in the latter case the term is entirely inapplicable. The saying, "A rainy Friday, a rainy Sunday; a fair Friday, a fair Sunday," may not be always true; but it professes to rest on observations of actual weather, and the alternation of days of rain and sunshine is a common experience enough. To mix up sayings of this class with warnings against cutting one's hair on Friday or one's nails on Sunday is a blunder into which the most inexperienced compiler has no excuse for falling. Yet instances of such a confusion of subject are frequent throughout these pages. What possible connexion can there be between the belief that the closing of the pimpernel-flower is a sign of coming rain and the belief that the finding nine seeds in a peascod is a sign of a coming sweetheart? Pimpernel and peascod are certainly both vegetable productions, and both begin with the same letter; and the latter reason would be just as good as the former for the association of the two traditions in the same chapter. A canon of observation may fail from imperfect induction, and that instances of the kind are numerous in experience is a necessary result of the common fallacy of arguing from particulars to universals. To this cause may be traced the singular notion that a marriage in which the differing surnames of bride and bridegroom have the same initial will turn out ill. The gossip of a village upon a few casual instances in point might easily circulate in its own neighbourhood and harden into the sayings of rustic patriarchs and crones; while it would not be reasonable to refer to a like origin a widespread superstition such as that which provokes us by its acceptance among people who ought to be ashamed to acknowledge the folly—the dread of sitting at table in a company of thirteen. To whatever origin this dread may be attributable, it clearly cannot be traced to any induction from experience, but must belong to the unreasoning region of omens. Mr. Dyer quotes from Quetelet's *Calculation of Probabilities* an apparent attempt to account for it by the doctrine of chances:—"For if the probability be required that out of thirteen persons of different ages one of them at least shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that death at least will occur." The sentence as it reads does not make sense, and we have not the means at hand for verifying the extract. An even chance represents an incredible death-rate, and the meaning would seem to be that "the chances are about one to [x] that one death at least will occur," the argument proceeding to ridicule the additional absurdity of supposing the risk to be avoided by an increase in the number of guests.

The mass of "folk-lore" which we have roughly described as tradition received on authority will include all belief in omens, charms, witchcraft, fairies, and lucky or unlucky days, things, or actions. No attempt is made to rest such belief upon observation, although experience may be occasionally alleged in support of it, as in the case of the supposed fulfilment of a dream. All these traditions have an historical interest of their own, and facts which may illustrate their rise, growth, and distribution, are of value in tracing this history. It is now a recognized truth that no political or religious changes can break the continuous life of any

people; and in England we should therefore expect to find the Anglo-Heathen tradition combining with the mediæval, and both with the recent popular beliefs. Beneath the surface Roman ideas may have lain hidden like Roman floors, and the foreign element may have become mixed with the native in later as in earlier times. The true science of "folk-lore" must be concerned in analysing the traditional mass, in grouping so far as may be possible the various local indications of heathen or Christian origin, and in assigning to the province of astrology or witchcraft whatever may with reasonable probability be derived from such a source. The inaccuracy of oral tradition, which formerly supplied one of the stock arguments of Protestant controversialists, will hardly be disputed in relation to the folk-lore of generations of agricultural labourers; and the corruptions and variations which have arisen from this cause may often afford matter for critical examination, while occasionally the discovery of a true reading may be hopeless. Any one who has listened to country carol-singers of the old type must remember how the children will recite with serious faces and entire good faith either words which have no meaning at all, or words which, having some meaning by themselves, are nonsense as they are introduced. This tendency of the rustic mind has often been exhibited by school inspectors in the form of literatim copies of passages from the Catechism; and a singular illustration of it is provided in the printed version of an evidently pre-Reformation carol sung in a West Midland district under the perplexing title of "The Leaves of Life." It is a dramatized story of the once familiar figures of the rood-loft, and the Blessed Virgin is guided to the Cross (by St. Thomas) in a verse which runs:—

Go down, go down to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you shall see sweet Jesus Christ
Nailed to a big yew-tree.

The "yew" in the fourth line may be genuine, or may be a corruption of "rood-tree"; but what is to be made of the second line?

Mr. Dyer has been careful to remind his readers that in all the weather-lore and plant-lore connected with the seasons and the months, the reckoning must be made according to the old style; and he relates a curious incident belonging to the Christmas Eve succeeding the change of style (1752), when a crowd of Buckinghamshire villagers "went with lanterns and candles to view," or consult, a reputed "slip of the Glastonbury thorn," and "finding no appearance of a bud," refused to recognize the New Christmas Day. If this oracle was, as it is said to have been, a "blackthorn," it was a vegetable impostor of the rankest kind; for though St. Joseph's thorn itself is long since dead, it survives in undoubted descendants, some of them of venerable age. It is a variety of the hawthorn, still keeps Old Christmas Day with very fair exactness, and would be aggrieved at being personated by a sloe.

Upon the ground which is occupied by ghost stories it is dangerous to tread, and the question is too complicated for discussion at the close of an article. The group of traditions gathering round the region of departed spirits may be said to form a third division, distinct from either of those already mentioned; and Mr. Dyer, in the chapter headed "Death," has touched on this branch of his subject. The disputed story of Thomas Lord Lyttelton is told with the ghost left out, or at least introduced only in the rationalistic form of "a dream of a woman in white"; while "an apparition common in Ireland, which goes by the name of Benshea," is described as to its "most remarkable instance" in the MS. memoirs of one Lady Fanshaw:—

At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and, looking out of bed, beheld by the moonlight a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention.

We are enabled to assure our readers from personal experience, confirmed by the testimony of several witnesses of undoubted veracity, that this "apparition" is also common in England, where it "goes by the name of" an owl.

WARTON'S ESSAY ON POPE.*

"IN poets," according to Pope—

as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;

and it may certainly be allowed that the delicacy of perception and soundness of judgment which go to make a first-rate critic are almost as rare as the far higher qualities which are required for genuine poetic force. Criticism must, of course, be a plant of late growth in literature; it must await the formation of a cultivated class, which can sit down and theorize about its own enjoyment; whereas poetry is often at its full vigour in the ages which are still unconscious, and therefore most spontaneous in their utterances. We study the poets of past times with a despair of ever reproducing their special characteristics; we generally read critics in order to congratulate ourselves upon our superiority to their blunders. Early criticism naturally attaches excessive value to the technicalities which are most easily put into convenient formulæ and concern

the form rather than the essence. The poet who tries to tell us the secret of his art often reminds us of a beautiful woman who imagines that all her charm is owing to her compliance with some hideous fashion of her day. This fault was especially conspicuous in the school of criticism of which Addison was the first ornament, and which spoke with authority for the last time in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Our modern critics—especially those who belong most decidedly to the class described by Pope as,

Wordcatchers who live on syllables—

find a special delight in triumphing over the stupidity of their predecessors. They shake their heads, with a sense of complacent superiority, at the early school of Shakspearian commentators, from Pope and Theobald to Steevens and Malone, and scout the suggestion that the syllable-counters of the New Shakspeare Society may perhaps not show much more real insight than some of their predecessors. However that may be, it is worth while to show that justice to the old critics which they ought to have shown to old poets—to try to enter into their real meaning, and not condemn them too severely for certain superstitious theories which were once universally accepted. Their verdicts often require revision rather than scornful rejection.

Amongst the eighteenth-century critics the two Wartons hold a conspicuous place; and Joseph Warton in particular had a distinct share in predisposing men's minds to the modern revolution of taste. Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry*, the first volume of which appeared in 1774, was an important book in its day, and of more value in every way than his brother's performances. But Joseph Warton's Essay on Pope, which had appeared nearly twenty years earlier (1756), may be regarded as the first declaration of war against the literary dictatorship of Pope. Read with modern eyes, it will not seem to imply a very uncompromising or audacious raising of the standard of revolt. And yet it is worth notice as an indication of the coming turn of the tide, as well as for some substantial merits of its own. The advent of a new current of taste may show itself through the feeble as well as through the more powerful organs of opinion. Warton was certainly no Rousseau or Voltaire at enmity with established creeds, but his book was the feather which shows the approaching change of current.

His personal history tells us plainly enough what the man was made of. Born in 1722, he became in 1755 second-master, and in 1766 head-master, of Winchester—a position which he retained till 1793. The later years of his life were solaced by some share of preferment; but, with modern ideas, it is rather difficult to share the indignation expressed by his biographers at his not receiving a larger slice of ecclesiastical exultation. Men do not now become bishops for a few clever literary essays or elegant translations of Virgil; and another road of preferment, we may be happy to think, is still more decidedly closed. Warton in his youth was patronized by the Duke of Bolton; and the Duke was anxious to be married to an actress known as "Polly Peachum," from her success in the *Beggar's Opera*, and elevated by that success to be his mistress. The obstacle to this desirable arrangement was the existence of a Duchess. Warton travelled on the Continent with the Duke and the lady in order to be at hand to perform the ceremony as soon as the Duchess should die. Unluckily he was absent at the critical moment; the ceremony was performed by somebody else; and, the work not having been done, the Duke appears to have thought that payment in the shape of patronage was no longer required of him.

Another incident, more closely connected with the Essay, implies that Warton was hardly a man of tough fibre. The second volume of the Essay did not follow the first for a period of twenty-six years. The reason suggested by Johnson for this singular delay was that Warton had been disappointed at not persuading the world to agree with his views about Pope. The further reason is given that Warburton, Pope's literary executor, lived till 1779; that Warburton had inspired Ruffhead, Pope's biographer, to attack the first volume; and that, so long as this formidable antagonist survived, Warton was afraid to hazard another provocation. The pusillanimity implied in this delay can only be appreciated after a perusal of the volume, which certainly does not err on the side of severity. Warton was clearly unfitted to be one of the gladiators of literature. One may perhaps suggest that no race of men are so sensitive to assaults upon their dignity as the little monarchs of the scholastic world.

The Essay shows the marks of this weakness. Warton lays down a principle which is substantially sound, and which, unflinchingly applied, would lower Pope from the position he long held as the head of English poets. But he softens and refines in such a way as to make one feel that he is rather afraid of his own iconoclasm. The problem which he proposes to discuss is laid down in a dedication to Young of the *Night Thoughts*. He says that there are four classes of English poets. There are our "only three sublime and pathetic poets," Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. There is next an inferior class with less poetic fervour, but with talents for "moral, ethical, and panegyric poetry," at the head of whom he places Dryden, Addison, Cowley, and others of less fame. The third class comprises men of mere wit and fancy, such as Butler, Swift, and Donne; and the fourth class are the mere versifiers, whose names may be forgotten. The Essay concludes by deciding that Pope deserves to come at the head of the second class, next to Milton, and just above, if above, Dryden. Substantially, the verdict is not very far from that of good critics at the present day, though of course many corrections might be suggested in his classification.

* *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*. By Joseph Warton, D.D. Fifth Edition. 1806.

The principle, however, is significant. He is really striking at the weak point of Pope. He transposes a passage from one of the satires into prose, and remarks that it is excellent sense, but not in any way poetical. In fact, Pope's poems are often, as M. Taine and other critics have said at great length, merely "versified prose"; and admitting all that may be said of the singular literary skill implied, we might still deny, as some writers have denied, that Pope could properly be called a poet at all. That controversy is too large to be touched here. It is enough to say that Warton's line of criticism marks the beginning of the revolt against the prevailing theory which had almost extinguished every kind of poetry except the didactic. The function of the poet, as understood by the Pope school, was little more than to put a fine polish upon the dictates of common sense and to give a sharp edge to moral platitudes. Warton was perhaps the first writer to raise the previous question, and to show distinctly how far removed was such a spirit from that which breathes in the works of our greatest imaginative writers. A simple indication of the difference between such a poem as the *Essay on Man* and the poetry of Spenser and Milton sufficed to suggest the only possible answer to the question with which he started. Pope's statue must be removed from the sacred place of the temple of Fame and be set up at most in the vestibule. In supporting his thesis, moreover, Warton anticipates some modern writers. When Macaulay, in his essay on Byron, attacked the doctrine of correctness (Macaulay was rather too fond of demolishing long since exploded theories), he was only amplifying a passage of Warton's. The same passage, it may be observed, anticipates another and cruder doctrine of Macaulay, set forth in the essay upon Milton, to the effect that poetry naturally decays with civilization. It was more excusable with Warton, who lived before the last great poetical outburst, and who can only cite, as proving that poetry is not yet extinct, the names of Thomson, Glover, Akenside, Young, Gray, and Lord Lyttelton. We may set down further to Warton's credit as a critic the judicious warmth of his praise for some great poets. He speaks of Spenser, for example, with the enthusiasm characteristic of all true lovers of poetry. He points out as clearly as Wordsworth or as Mr. Ruskin could have done the true merit of Thomson—the freshness, delicacy, and fidelity of his descriptions of nature. And when writing of Pope he shows by the evident sincerity and warmth of his praise that he thoroughly appreciates his author's real excellence—the almost unrivalled literary skill with which a vivid image is conveyed, or a vigorous sentiment expressed, in a few admirably chosen phrases purified from all verbiage and superfluous epithet. Add to these real critical merits, that the book has much original anecdote, and is full of appropriate illustrations showing incidentally and without too much ostentation an easy command of wide reading, and we can well admit that it entitled its author to high praise, if it hardly gave him a claim to a bishopric.

But though we may find in Warton an inclination towards principles fatal to Pope's poetical supremacy, the general tone of his book indicates no disposition to break with orthodox conventions. He speaks of Aristotle and Longinus in the true old-fashioned spirit; Addison, Hurd, and Bossu are his great authorities; and he entertains the profoundest respect for Boileau as a dictator in matters of taste. And so, though we may guess that it is secretly a little against the grain, he works himself up to a proper admiration of the most perishable parts of Pope's writings. We come across judgments which would scandalize even an ardent admirer in recent days. In one passage of the *Rape of the Lock* he assures us that Pope excels "anything in Shakespeare, or perhaps in any other author." The following lines are, he declares, the most harmonious rhymed verses in our language:—

Ye gentle gales! beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below—

an opinion which is rather startling in an appreciative admirer of Spenser and Milton's minor poems. And when he reaches this passage in the *Epistle of Eloisa*—

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods—

he observes that the figurative expressions "throws," "breathes," and "browner" horror, are some of the "strongest and boldest in the English language"; whilst the whole image is "truly sublime and strongly conceived." So the well-known rhetorical passage in the *Essay on Man*, beginning

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

"almost tempts" him to retract a statement that there is nothing "transcendently sublime" in Pope; and he adds that the lines have "all the energy and harmony that can be given to rhyme." His desire to show a generous appreciation of Pope's poetry leads him into an apparent and rather curious contradiction. In his first volume he decides that Pope's reputation as a poet will rest chiefly upon the *Windsor Forest*, the *Eloisa*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, because wit and satire are perishable, whilst nature and passion are eternal. In the second volume he decides, more accurately and one fancies more sincerely, that Pope's imagination was not his predominant faculty; and that his chief claim is, therefore, that he is the "great poet of reason, the first of ethical writers in verse." This species of writing, he says, is the surest road to an extensive reputation, for men can appreciate Pope who

would think the *Faery Queen*, the *Tempest*, and *Comus* childish and romantic. Perhaps Warton would have explained his meaning to be that the "most poetic species of poetry," in which Pope did not excel, gains a narrower though a more enduring reputation. At any rate, the difference is characteristic of the book. Warton's instinct told him that Pope was really pre-eminent in that kind of poetry which borders most closely upon prose. He tried to work himself into a frame of mind more in accordance with contemporary canons of taste, and only insinuated what he was not audacious enough to utter in uncompromising language. The book was perhaps not the less effective in sapping the foundations of Pope's supremacy.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN AMERICA.*

WE are glad that Mr. Hussey Vivian's preface did not dispose us to yield to our first inclination and throw his book aside. For experience has taught us what we have to look for, in nine cases out of ten, when an author tells us that he has been tempted to publish by the advice of partial friends who are necessarily bound to be civil. Moreover, in his opening sentences, with a modesty which we have found to be misplaced, Mr. Vivian has done his best to dash our expectations. "The following Notes of a Tour in North America," he says, "will contain nothing new, and, it is to be hoped, nothing in the way of adventure. They will pretend to no literary merit." There is certainly nothing in the way of sensational adventure in them. The author was neither smashed in a railway car nor "bust up" in a high-pressure steam-boat; he was neither tomahawked by Indians nor interviewed by journalists. Nor could his notes be expected to contain much that was positively original, considering the multitudes of our countrymen who make American tours, and the free circulation of newspapers between the continents. Moreover, Mr. Vivian himself adopted the American fashion of travel. Starting from England in August, he returned in November; and in that time he had made the round by Newfoundland and Quebec, through the Empire city and the Pennsylvania coal districts to Chicago; whence he crossed the Western States, the prairies, and the metalliferous mountain ranges to San Francisco and the Pacific seaboard, making his way back to his port of embarkation by St. Louis, Washington, and Baltimore. Nor could he economize his time to the best advantage, since he travelled in the company of his friend Mr. Childers, who had gone abroad fettered by business engagements as Chairman of the Great Western Railway of Canada. Mr. Vivian frequently regrets that he could not devote more time to the inspection of some interesting city or flourishing department of a national industry. Yet we have seldom met with a Rambler on familiar ground who made so much of very hurried opportunities. The secret is that Mr. Vivian was "posted up" beforehand in the manifold subjects that engaged his attention. As a veteran member of Parliament, he was curious in politics and constitutional forms. He is a landed proprietor and an agriculturist; he has concerned himself in philanthropic objects at home; as a Glamorganshire man and a mine-owner he is intelligently interested in minerals and coal-fields; and having sat on many Parliamentary Committees in his time, he has extended the range of his practical information. And if he was occasionally hampered by the engagements of his companion, on the other hand they enjoyed exceptional advantages. They might have well dispensed with the introductions with which no doubt they were amply provided. Public men and prominent citizens were ready everywhere to act as cicerones. Millionaires pressed hospitality on them, placing horses and carriages at their disposal; manufacturers did the honours of the latest improvements in their works; railway directors accompanied them over the railway lines. The result is a light and lively volume, which is equally instructive and amusing. For when Mr. Vivian disclaims any pretensions to literary merit, most of his readers will be inclined to disagree with him. His straightforward style leaves little to desire; he is never diffuse and never dull, while there is much of the romance of industry and speculation even in the paragraphs or pages that bristle with statistics.

The travelling must have been fatiguing work at best, especially as there were ladies of the party; and Mr. Vivian can hardly be said to have made his Parliamentary holiday a time of repose. The tourists began as they meant to go on. At St. John's, Newfoundland, where they first touched American soil, they found time to make the round of the town and its environs before starting again with the steamer at 9 A.M.; elsewhere, when the train comes to a halt, he employs the stoppage of twenty minutes in a rapid inspection of the adjacent streets; while buggies with fast-trotting horses pull up before his door at early dawn that he may be hurried, over rough roads, into the country on some rapid visit of inspection. His description of the trip into the Yosemite Valley makes us feel that the game was hardly worth the candle, in spite of the marvels of the Mariposa Grove of Monster Wellingtonias, and the beauties of such silvery cascades as the Bridal Veil. It is true that the expedition was unfortunately timed. A long protracted drought had been killing off the sheep by hundreds. The travellers could sometimes count as many as half-a-dozen of them lying dead in little clusters by the side of the road. The water-

* *Notes of a Tour in America; from August 7 to November 17, 1877.* By H. Hussey Vivian, M.P. London: E. Stanford. 1878.

falls had almost ceased to flow, and "the Bridal Veil, 940 feet, was alone running a few gallons, not enough to shelter the bride's blushes." Under any circumstances the effort must have been excessive, considering the shortness of the time allotted to it, and it must have been especially so when the hardships of the journey were aggravated by the dryness and the dust. They performed the hundred and eighty miles, there and back, in a boat-like vehicle, only screened from the sun by a roof of leather, and altogether open at the sides. Springs there were none; a couple of long, thick leather bands did duty for these; while the road was as execrable as the pace was excellent. Possibly sheer bodily uneasiness and fatigue distracted the attention of the ladies from the dangers and terrors of the road. Those Western coachmen have a great reputation for skill, while there can be no doubt as to their dash. But the best whip in the world can hardly answer for his passengers and horses while handling a team of six downhill by moonlight, and shoving a succession of ugly precipices as he guides the stage round the sharpest of dipping gradients. But even the ladies bore the journey admirably, though they might well have been spoiled for roughing it by the luxury of their earlier experiences. It is a long way from Lake Michigan to the Golden Gate at San Francisco; even for the instalment of the journey from Chicago to the Mormon capital they had to "embark on board the train" for three days, three nights, and twelve hours. The perpetual rolling stretch of the prairie land becomes monotonous, and the worst is, that in climbing or descending the mountain ranges you miss for the most part the grandeur of the scenery. The line is protected from the avalanches by "snow sheds," and it is only through some rent in the roof of shingle that the traveller catches a tantalizing glimpse of pines and precipices in the sunshine or starlight. But, if anything could beguile the tedium of the way, it was the accommodation assigned to Mr. Vivian and his companions. Mr. Pullman's own particular private car was placed at their disposal. It contained a kitchen, a pantry, lavatories and bedrooms, a drawing-room, a saloon, and last, not least, an open platform which formed the tail of the train, commanding an unobstructed view of the country. The softest of beds, a harmonium, and writing desks, elbow-chairs and plate-glass windows, had replaced the primitive fittings of the rude ox-wagon in which former emigrants to Mormonland and the West used to transport themselves through those inhospitable deserts. One can fancy the incredulity of the trappers and hunters who used to carry their lives in their hands as they "cached" themselves in the favourite hunting grounds of the savages, had it been foretold to them that only a very few years later white gentlemen would bring the luxuries of the settlements along with them, under the Bloody Bluffs and the Smoky Forks of sinister memory; that they should play peaceful rubbers of whist in place of the rude euchre and poker, and be altogether independent of such sylvan delicacies as buffalo hump and tender loin.

But the whole of the book is a record of marvellous transformation and progress, as each volume of recent travel through the Union must be. Everybody is more or less familiar with the mushroom growth of Chicago. Only half a century ago it was a village of some hundred inhabitants; now it numbers nearly half a million of souls; and since the terrible fire of seven years ago it has risen again like a phoenix from its ashes. Figures convey but shadowy ideas to ordinary minds; yet, when we hear that the trade transactions of the place exceed 46,000,000*l.* annually, we can form some vague conception of its extraordinary prosperity. Chicago is not only growing rich as an *entrepôt* for the grain which is poured through its elevators on the way from the Lakes down the Mississippi, but it has left Cincinnati and St. Louis altogether behind it in the hog-trade. In 1875-6 no fewer than 2,320,000 pigs were slaughtered in its *abattoirs*, while considerably over a million of cattle changed owners in its markets. The manner of killing the cattle is novel. The animals are driven in single file into a narrow passage; a man armed with a short breech-loading rifle makes his way along a platform beside them, despatching each with a single ball, dexterously driven home at the back of the brain. As for the "Hog Product Manufactories," next perhaps to the grain magazines, they are the grand sights of the city. The hog is taken out of the pen, hoisted by a chain-shackle attached to the hind leg, and neatly turned into pork by the deadly thrust almost before he has time to bemoan himself. Then he is immersed in scalding water and passed on to the gangs of butchers, while almost all the heavy work is done by machinery. "A facetious friend of ours summed it up by saying that piggy is trotted in at one end and comes out at the other as bacon, ham, sausage, hair-brush, and saddle, nothing but the squeal being wasted, and that before long the telephone would probably utilize that also." Yet in Mr. Vivian's opinion, and it will be information to many of his readers, Chicago may very probably be eclipsed by Toledo. It is true that the present population of Toledo is merely forty-five thousand. But already it is only second to Chicago in its grain exports, while its position marks it out for a magnificent future. It is the central junction of eight railways. It is situated close to the mouth of the Maumee river, which by its affluents opens up the States of Ohio and Indiana; and there is anchorage by its wharves for sea-going steamers. Grain can be shipped thence for Liverpool, without the expense of breaking bulk on the way; and when the improvements on the Welland Canal are completed, vessels drawing twenty feet of water will be able to engage in the trade. On the speedy development of a profitable fresh meat trade with England opinions

appear to differ widely. Mr. Vivian himself is undecided about it after many inquiries; but he was astonished to find that the produce dealers of Chicago believed rather in canned meats than in the live stock or dead meat traffic. Speculators have some reason for being temporarily discouraged; for the business, after a steady and rapid increase, has latterly receded very considerably. Considering the boundless extent of the pasture lands between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi and the increasing facilities in the shape of railway communication, it would seem certain that the success of the trade can be only a question of time. Mr. Vivian came across large consignments of cattle which were being sent forward from Salt Lake City. But probably before the ordinary prairie meat can compete with the beef of English graziers, it will be necessary to go to great expense, and to take some trouble in improving the class of stock. There was a good-looking lot of shorthorns waiting the butcher in the Chicago slaughter-houses; but the Texan beasts in the adjacent pens were evidently of very inferior breed.

Mr. Vivian's notes on mines and mining are especially interesting. Among many other expeditions he paid a visit to the famous "Emma"; and, as he says himself, his was "perhaps the only practical and thoroughly disinterested eye that has ever looked on it." His authentic sketch of its early history exemplifies the profits that may be made by judicious promoting, although occasionally tardy retribution may follow, when shareholders are smarting under losses and disappointments. The mine was discovered by a poor adventurer. He must apparently have had a firm faith in his luck, for he had said that, if he were offered 20,000*l.* for any discovery, he would close promptly with the offer. He parted with the Emma for 22,000*l.* It was re-sold by the banker who bought it, placed in the New York market for 300,000*l.*, and subsequently handed over to the English victims for a round million sterling. It was reported on the spot that there is still much money to be made by it; but no one professed to have inspected it in person. A veteran miner who was familiar with its workings assured Mr. Vivian that the woodwork was sound, and that there could be no truth in the stories which attributed the financial breakdown to a collapse of the timber supports. All that is to be seen on the site of this colossal speculation is a group of "tumble-down wooden sheds, presenting no external appearance of much outlay." As for the mining in California proper, the returns have fallen off immensely of late years. In 1853 they were returned at 68,000,000 of dollars; in 1877, they were only 19,000,000. There are still happy hits to be made, however; for the Standard Gold mine, "a small local affair" in Mono county, has been paying as much as 30,000*l.* a month. The traffic in grain, wool, sugar, &c. has been replacing the declining exports of the precious metals, and it is Mr. Vivian's theory that "gold has satisfied the beneficent end for which it was placed within man's reach with less than average toil," by attracting population and giving an impulse to prosperity. We could have wished that our space had admitted of our doing more ample justice to his pleasant volume, but we hope we have said enough to show that it will well repay a leisurely perusal.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S SELECTED POEMS.*

THE poetic reputation of Mr. Matthew Arnold has risen with a steady and equable growth such as it would not be easy to match among his contemporaries. Almost all the chief living names of English song have passed through a time of obscurity and disfavour, and been exalted by a sudden turn of fortune. With Mr. Arnold this has not been the case. If reputation were measurable and his career could be graphically represented by a curve, it would be traced by a smoothly increasing range of ordinates in a course free from violent leaps and singular points. So far as our observation goes, Mr. Arnold has not impassioned votaries like those who do battle in the eager talk of country house or common-room for Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, or some newer favourite. Rather he is left apart in the contention of champions over the poets of their special affections, as claiming absolute devotion from few or none, but having his compensation in the respect of all. Not striving for the first place, he takes a second by general consent. Those who would rank him on a level with the first two or three of living English poets are hardly fewer than those who would refuse to place him next after them. The appreciation he meets with is of a quiet, solid, unobtrusive kind; and the extent of it is declared by the practical and authentic test of the successive editions his poems have gone through. In the appearance of the present volume of *Selections* we have a new sign that Mr. Arnold has attained the honourable position of a classic, so far as a living writer can be said to have done so. A selection of Mr. Arnold's poems in the now familiar "Golden Treasury" form seems a perfectly natural and proper thing; it belongs to the fitness of the series to have this volume in it.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has indeed aimed at being nothing if not classical. He would rather fail than produce an effect by anything like trick or violence; he stakes everything on harmony and completeness, and wins. If his extreme care and discipline in form sometimes give an air of coldness to his work, they no less give the impression of a store of power in reserve. We always feel that his last word is determined by the measure of his will to give, not of his capacity. Doubtless the poet's will, the poet being

* *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

also a critic, is itself directed by a fine and just estimate of his own power; but this is precisely the art which the perfection of the workmanship conceals. Such a degree of self-knowledge and self-restraint has of course not been attained all at once. Mr. Arnold has not always worked within the limits he now imposes on himself. "The New Sirens" and one or two other of his earlier poems are amply sufficient to show that his final choice of method was free and deliberate. He might have been more versatile, and have struck perhaps more immediately telling notes; but he preferred to work for the future, and abandoned versatility and passion for artistic finish. And in the fame now assured to him he has earned a double reward, the reward of abstinence and foresight as well as of labour.

It does not appear to whose hand the rather delicate task of making up this volume of "Selected Poems" was entrusted. If the intention was to furnish a pleasant and tempting introduction to Mr. Arnold's poetry for readers of average poetical taste, we do not know that the editor's judgment could have been bettered. But, for the very reason that for this purpose the selection is excellent, it is in some respects disappointing to those who know the poet already. Should such a one take this volume, for example, as a travelling companion more handy than the complete editions, he would miss not a few of the best sonnets; he might be ill pleased at not finding the "Sick King in Bokhara," one of the most subtle and characteristic of Mr. Arnold's sketches; and he would hardly think the specially artistic elements of the poet's work adequately represented, even in brief, by a selection which omits the "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon." From "Empedocles on Etna" we have the two lyric episodes of "Cadmus and Harmonia" and "Apollo Musagetes," both of them flawless gems. But of the song of Empedocles to Pausanias, which must be counted among the few great philosophical poems of the English language, there is not a trace. It may be that the length of the song was a sufficient reason for not including the whole of it; and we should certainly be sorry to see it abridged. Taking, however, the general drift of the omissions together, we cannot help thinking that they are systematic. The plan has apparently been to leave out everything distinctly philosophical, everything that seemed to touch on hazardous speculation, and, in short, everything unlikely to be of general interest or likely to raise a shadow of doubt. Abundant caution has been used to make popularity doubly sure for the book, and from that point of view the editing has been most judicious. But we have a doubt whether it is not a little hard on Mr. Arnold himself to be put forth in a selection which minimizes the most individual and valuable elements of his poetic thought. Mr. Browning has fared better, we think, in the sundry books of selections from his poems that have from time to time appeared; possibly because any attempt to pick and choose from Mr. Browning on similar principles would be on the face of it hopeless.

Not the less we must admit that the publishers have taken the safer course. For selections are most used, as a rule, by those who do not possess or are not familiar with the author at large; and if the choice is to be made in such a case between pleasing new comers and old acquaintance, it is doubtless more profitable to cater for new comers. And intelligent young persons who get their first knowledge of Mr. Arnold's poetry from this book will certainly have no reason to complain. They will find quite enough to induce them to study his work more fully, and it will be their own fault if they do not. And that which remains for them to learn will also be in great part that which they can best enjoy when their taste is more mature. As for the simpler parts of Mr. Arnold's poetry, we think they can hardly be taken too early. A boy needs only to have grown to the age when boys delight in romances and battles to take pleasure, and intelligent pleasure as far as it goes, in "Sohrab and Rustum," though it will be much longer before he can appreciate it as a work of art. Indeed this poem, and its longer companion, "Balder Dead" (which, on the score of its length, we presume, has no place in this volume) are remarkable examples of Mr. Arnold's artistic tact and ingenuity. It may be taken as certain that Mr. Arnold could not write an epic poem; his own opinion may be pretty safely inferred from the fact that he has not attempted it. Yet he has succeeded in writing two admirable episodes; fragments in form, but still of complete and well-proportioned workmanship within themselves. A hypercritical judgment might suggest that this approaches too nearly to a *tour de force* to be consistent with the rigorously severe standard of design as well as of execution which Mr. Arnold has elsewhere prescribed to himself. With the execution of these pieces not even hypercriticism could well find a fault.

As young men grow older, they will find the more to think of in Mr. Arnold's poems; and any of them who may feel themselves moved to write verses will do well to give his work a still more particular attention. It will correct by example all the commonest faults of youth. Ardent young poets may learn from it that only genius can afford to be exuberant; and that guarded, and even austere, sobriety of style will produce a far greater effect with given means than any straining after novelty. For absolute purity of diction and manner Mr. Arnold may be compared to an English poet who belongs by birth and association to an elder generation, but is happily still among us; we mean Sir Henry Taylor. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as Mr. Arnold's prose cannot be considered free from mannerism, and even occasional blemishes in point of taste. But the manner of his poetry, though distinct and capable of recognition, is not of the palpable kind. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne,

and most of our lesser poets besides, have been parodied again and again; we do not remember to have seen a single parody of Mr. Arnold. The most daring and ingenious of recent parodists, Mr. C. S. Calverley, has discreetly passed him by. There is a subtlety about the structure of his verse and the harmony of his lines which defies imitation; and that is another reason for recommending him to the study of beginners in literature. Even if they fail to profit by Mr. Arnold's example, it will at least not leave them exposed to the ridicule that attaches to the authors of unconscious burlesque.

For these and other reasons we wish all possible increase to Mr. Arnold's popularity, and take it as a good sign of the times that it has gone so far. It is often said that nothing will go down with the public but what is exciting; that literary appetite, even among the educated, is jaded, and responds only to violent stimulants; and that taste and scholarship are being altogether crowded out in the bustle of modern life. But Mr. Arnold's poems are not exciting; they offer no sudden shock to rouse a worn-out sense; and whoever enjoys them must be either a scholar, taking the term in a large acceptance, or on the way to become one. His strength is not sought from convulsions and tempests; it is not of "fierce air and violent light" that his image of the world is made. His words are potent in men's minds by steadfastness rather than by mastery, by serenity and not by ardour. He is the companion of the Muses in their solemn and peaceful mood, as they go up, a divine choir following a divine leader, by the moonlit borders of Helicon:—

First hymn they the Father
Of all things;—and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

POMEROY ABBEY.*

MRS. HENRY WOOD has given us a story that would be not unworthy of Mrs. Radcliffe. She lays the scene in an old abbey and among Roman Catholics. Old abbeys and Roman Catholics, as every one knows, form a very good foundation for a tale about a ghost. Not, indeed, that we have here a ghost story throughout. The reader's imagination is delighted with a fearful delight for two volumes or so in the full belief that a spirit of a murdered man haunts the abbey; while his reason is satisfied towards the close of the third volume by the discovery that the apparition is, after all, no ghost, but merely the murderer himself. We should have thought that stories of this kind had been laughed to death past all chance of resurrection by the admirable ridicule which Miss Austen cast upon them in *Northanger Abbey*. Who that has read that charming story can have forgotten the conversation that passed between Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland as he was driving her to his home? "Is it not," he asked, "a fine old place, just like what one reads about?" "And are you prepared," he answered, "to encounter all the horrors that a building such as 'what one reads about' may produce? Have you a stout heart? Nerves fit for sliding panels and tapestry?" He goes on to describe how the heroine "is formally conducted by Dorothy, the ancient housekeeper, up a different staircase, and along many gloomy passages, into an apartment never used since some cousin or kin died in it about twenty years before." Nothing remarkable happens till, "on the second or at the furthest the third night after your arrival, you will probably have a violent storm. Peals of thunder so loud as to seem to shake the edifice to its foundation will roll round; and during the frightful gusts of wind which accompany it you will discern one part of the hanging more violently agitated than the rest." Let our readers turn to Miss Austen's novel, read first the scene from which we have quoted, and then try a few chapters of Mrs. Henry Wood. They will by that means be certain of getting a little amusement even out of this novel, for they will find that *Northanger Abbey* might just as well pass for a parody on *Pomeroxy Abbey* as on *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

The story opens, as it were, on stilts; and on stilts it is kept till the last page of the last volume. "Never," we read in the opening lines, "was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abbey of Pomeroxy. . . . It was in keeping with the scenery around. Situated on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the one side, and a dark forest on the other." It was built in the form of a quadrangle, and it had a west wing and a west tower which were supposed to be haunted. There are no wings, we might remark, to quadrangles; but the writers of ghost stories, like kings, are above the niceties of language. It had a keep standing apart, a small round stone building, grey and old, but connected by a subterranean passage with the haunted room. It was that kind of building in which people sojourned and did not dwell, and where, without affectation, they naturally said "I ween." Hard by lives the priest "who shrives the abbey and the village," and at no great distance is the head gamekeeper, "a gentleman by descent—meaning of late palpable descent." We do not quite know what the author means by palpable descent, but the gamekeeper at all events

* *Pomeroxy Abbey: a Romance.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lyane." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1878.

boasts that he is "descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, noted in the days of the second Richard." His daughter proudly says that, though "he had yielded obedience to the lords of Pomeroy, almost as a menial, he is still the self-conscious descendant of the noblest of the land." She is not unworthy of him and of his palpable descent, for her features are regally beautiful. There is a faithful serving-man who at the end of the story, when the ghost has been got rid of and everything is comfortably arranged, advances to welcome the young lord of Pomeroy and his bride with his white locks flowing, his hands raised as if in benediction, tears of joy running down his furrowed cheeks, his voice tremulous. There are, besides, attendant servants in their sumptuous liveries of purple velvet and silver, and four prancing horses to draw the lord's gilded carriage with the full arms and their quarterings, and all the rest of their adjuncts emblazoned on it, arms that are used only by the reigning lord. On the reigning lord's very handkerchiefs and shirts are the great crest and supporters emblazoned. There is a state dining-room as well as a common dining-room. And when a dinner is given there are handsome dishes of silver-gilt bearing their costly viands. The servants in their beautiful liveries of purple velvet and silver then wait on the guests; but the old gentleman of the white locks and the benediction merely heads them in plain attire, and serves nobody but his lord. To the abbey there is a prediction attached, as is well known to all the old women in the neighbourhood, and this prediction is connected with the portrait of a young lady who, years before, had gone crazy and had thrown herself out of the window into the court below. The portrait is in the haunted room in the west wing which is always kept locked up. Under it is written:—

When Pomeroy's heir goes forth a wife to win,
And Pomeroy's heir goes forth in vain;
When Pomeroy's lord by a lie doth gain,
Then woe to the Pomeroy's twain and twain.

Who wrote these lines no one ever knew. They were found when the unfortunate lady was carried up dead to the room from which she had thrown herself. Some attributed them to her; but the lord knew that the characters were not hers, and they came to be regarded as having been done by supernatural agency. For our part, we should be sorry to think that the devil, if he were to try his hand at poetry, could not write better lines than these.

Such, then, were the surroundings of the Pomeroy family, and of such surroundings the family was not unworthy. Though we have spoken of the heads of the house as Lords of Pomeroy, yet they were not of noble birth. They were sprung, indeed, from those noted warriors, the De Pomeroy's, who had lived in the time of the Norman kings. But, as we read, the family seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, while the Abbey was held for a century or two by an order of monks. It returned into the hands of lineal descendants of the ancient house, though they had dropped the "de" before the name. To make up for this loss, the reigning head and chief of the Abbey was always called the Lord of Pomeroy. He was indeed a very great man. Mrs. Wood introduces an Earl and a Countess, a Duke and a Duchess, but they seem almost to be introduced as mere foils to the Pomeroy's. Indeed the Earl frankly admits to his wife—Countess we ought to say—"that these old families, these long-pedigreed aristocrats (we are not very old ourselves, you know, Lucinda) do hold in contempt new people. In point of descent the Duke of St. Ives is not worthy to buckle on the garter of the Lord of Pomeroy." The members of such a family as this were easily distinguished by their mere appearance from the common herd. If one of them scowled, it was the haughty Pomeroy scowl that came over his face. If one of them frowned, it was with a Pomeroy frown. A child boasted of the Pomeroy spirit, and made her mother angry by reminding her that she was no Pomeroy. When, on one occasion, the haughty Pomeroy temper was stung, the Lord hissed rather than spoke to his wife. No one in the neighbourhood ventured openly to say a word against any one of them. "It was a bold tongue in Abbeyland that dared hint at ill-luck for a Pomeroy." Their very build was worthy of the length of their lineage. They were six feet three inches, and of noble proportions. The very laws they were subject to were different from those by which all other Englishmen are governed. The Lord of Pomeroy was supposed to have been murdered by his next brother. It was afterwards discovered that it was the Lord who was the murderer. However, one brother is certainly buried, and the other as certainly disappears. There is, to be sure, an inquest; but without any other legal proceedings the third son at once comes into possession of the property. He does not live to enjoy it long. On his death it comes out that he had been secretly married to the regally beautiful daughter of the gamekeeper gentleman of palpable descent. Meanwhile, Leolin, the fourth son, has married the daughter of the Earl, and suddenly finds to his surprise his claim to the property disputed. He does not quietly submit to the loss, for is he not a Pomeroy? The reader is left to picture to himself the scowls and the frowns that pass over his features, and the hissing that passes through his teeth. He at once appeals to Rome, and demands that his dead brother's marriage shall be annulled. He had consulted the old family solicitor on the point, who, seeing that if he did not consent to receive his instructions some one else would, undertook the business. One of the cardinals took up the cause warmly, and things began to look hopeful. But even a cardinal "could not get the decree of annulment passed; and the marriage of George Pomeroy still stood good in law." Now it was that the predictions for which the Pomeroy's were distinguished began

to fulfil themselves. Not only was there the prediction on the picture, but also the gentleman of palpable descent had on his death-bed given this youngest of the four sons a solemn prophetic warning in italics. "*As you deal by this child,*" he said, "*so may you be prosperous in your own children.*" Leolin, as we have shown, dealt very harshly with the mother and the child. Accordingly each time a piece of good news came from his friend the cardinal, one of his children sickened and died. When the Church of Rome at last decided to recognize him as the sole representative of the missing murderer, then his last child died. It seems idle to suggest to a writer who deals in predictions that there is still such a thing in England left, in spite of the efforts of countless novelists to abolish it, as the law of the land. Her law, no doubt, is good enough for her readers.

Had we space at our command, and were it worth the while, we might describe many another piece of absurdity in this silly romance. It has but one merit, and that is consistency. It is a prodigious piece of inflation; but then its inflation is equal throughout. Even the monster balloon at Paris bulges in now on this side and now on that; but *Pomeroy Abbey* from first to last, in every volume, in every chapter, in every line, maintains the same degree of portentous puffiness.

THE MABINOGION.*

THE collection of Welsh tales known as the *Mabinogion*, published by Lady Charlotte Guest about thirty years ago, has long been out of print, and dealers in rare books have been selling it at prices ranging from six to ten pounds, so that it was practically placed beyond the reach of the student. The volume before us will, we fear, go but a short way to meet his wants, as it is only a reprint of the original translation; but its publication proves, we take it, that it is likely to find readers. However, it does not appear what purpose is answered by including in it most of the original notes, many of which are either inadequate or useless; and the fact of Lady Charlotte Guest repeating her original references to such writers as the author of the *Mythology of the Druids* and the *Celtic Researches*, together with the historical value she seems still to attribute to the Triads, makes us suspect that she has learned little since the publication of her first edition. But the volume has in other respects been carefully got up, and may be safely recommended to the notice of those who are only anxious to get the legends and *märchen* of the Welsh in a readable and substantially correct form, without troubling themselves about the niceties and the difficulties of the original text. Whether the time has come for republishing the latter we do not know, but whenever it is undertaken the work should be done thoroughly, and that would require the combined efforts of at least two editors, of whom one should be skilled in Celtic philology and the other in comparative mythology. As we have nothing in particular to say further of the reprint of the English translation, we shall proceed to make a few remarks which apply less to it than to Lady Charlotte Guest's original edition, or to the *Mabinogion* generally.

It is sometimes asked what the word *Mabinogion* means; to which it may be answered, that it may fairly be rendered "nursery tales," as it is derived from *mab*, a boy, youth, son. But the *Mabinogion* in the form in which we have them are a good deal too long and complicated to be described as nursery tales; the materials may have to a certain extent been nursery tales, but they must have been compiled by men who had long made good their escape from the nursery. But "compiling" is hardly the word to use, for there was also a process of rejecting a certain kind of materials, as, for instance, in the case of Arthur's wives. Welsh tradition shows that Arthur was not the husband of one wife; he had several, and more than one of them bore the name of Gwenhwyfar or Guinevere; but in the *Mabinogion* they are reduced to one, whereby our interest in the tales about him is enormously enhanced. Probably this is not to be regarded as intentional editing by men of letters, but rather as a gradual adaptation by public opinion of the tone of the tales in vogue to the tenor of the morals and habits of which it happened from time to time to be the exponent. Nor is it to be forgotten, in connexion with this, that the language of the *Mabinogion* is, in spite of its occasional exuberance of style, essentially colloquial in the form of the words used, many of which are still held to be such, to their exclusion from what is regarded as good book Welsh. On the other hand, we meet in them with traces of the older materials in the form of bits of verse, which, however, are reproduced in an evidently inaccurate fashion.

As a rule, those of the *Mabinogion* which relate to Arthur and his knights have hitherto attracted most notice, as they in a way challenge the attention of the student of comparative mythology; but we are inclined to think that eventually more light on the history of the western part of this island will be derived from a careful study of the four connected stories of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr, Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr, and Math, the Son of Mathonwy. These refer but seldom to any of Arthur's supposed contemporaries and companions; never, unless we are mistaken, to that personage himself. In the first of them we read of a country called Annwn, and the question arises as to what country is meant, as the word is

* *The Mabinogion*. From the Welsh of the Llyfr Coch o Hergest (the Red Book of Hergest), in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford. Translated, with Notes, by Lady Charlotte Guest. London: Quaritch.

usually taken to be the equivalent of the English *hell*; but, since in other respects Annwn does not materially differ from other lands, one is forced to suppose the word here to mean a low country, which is confirmed by an obscure poem in the Book of Taliesin, entitled the "Spoils of Annwn," in which mention is made of Pwyll and his son Pryderi, and of one or more expeditions made by Arthur in his ship Prydwen, apparently against Annwn. Among other things, we are told—namely, in the story of Math—that Pwyll got from one of the kings of Annwn a race of pigs, which led to a war between Pryderi and Math. One of Math's chief men, Gwydion ab Don, undertakes to procure him some of them. The passage runs thus in the translation:—"Lord," said Gwydion, "I have heard that there have come to the South some beasts, such as were never known in this island before." "What are they called?" he asked. "Pigs, lord." "And what kind of animals are they?" "They are small animals, and their flesh is better than the flesh of oxen." "They are small, then?" "And they change their names. Swine are they now called." "Who owneth them?" "Pryderi, the son of Pwyll; they were sent him from Annwn, by Arawn, the king of Annwn, and still they keep that name, half hog, half pig." "Verily," asked he, "and by what means may they be obtained from him?" "I will go, lord, as one of twelve, in the guise of bards, to seek the swine." "But it may be that he will refuse you," said he. "My journey will not be evil, lord," said he; "I will not come back without the swine." "Gladly," said he, "go thou forward." We have not yet done with the pigs, but we have given this conversation in full in order to show how a fairly intelligible text may become partly unintelligible when translated. Here, for instance, the reader requires to be told, in a note or otherwise, that the pigs are introduced under the name *hobew*, the plural of *hob*, a word which was evidently obsolete at the time our version of the tale was written, excepting that there has always been in use a word *hannerhob* for half a pig; otherwise pigs are called *moch* in Welsh, the etymology of which, like that of *hobew*, is very obscure. Our quotation will also serve to show how words which present difficulties have sometimes been unsatisfactorily dealt with; in the sentence rendered "My journey will not be evil" the word translated *journey* is *traesgydd*, and it occurs soon afterwards in a question rendered "How may they be obtained?" It is, to say the least of it, not a common word; but the sense is tolerably evident, and it may be said to be that of strategy, trickery, or a bargaining; but in both instances in the manuscript in the Red Book a modern hand has placed an *l* above the line in order to make it *traesglwydd*, with the idea, no doubt, of connecting it with the modern Welsh verb *trosglwyddo*, to transfer, which would not mend matters very much. We mention this emendation not so much because we think it an unfortunate one, but as a specimen of the sort of thing to be avoided in any future edition of the *Mabinogion*, at least without duly making the reader aware of it.

But let us return to the *hobew*. Pryderi's answer to Gwydion, when he asked that some of them should be given to him, was to the following effect:—"Verily, that were the easiest thing in the world to grant, were there not a covenant between me and my land concerning them. And the covenant is, that they shall not go from me until they have produced double their number in the land." However, Pryderi was tempted to break his engagement with his country, and to accept from Gwydion's hands in return for the pigs twelve magnificent chargers and as many greyhounds, which he had produced from fungus. As the charm would last only twenty-four hours, Gwydion drove his pigs away as fast as he could; but the route he took seems to have been determined by the position of the places in Wales which bear the names of *Mochdref*, swine's town, or *Mochnant*, swine's brook, which required him to stay at each of them in order to account for their being so called; at length he reached Arllechwedd, and placed the pigs in safety at a place still called *Creuwyryon*, or Wyrion's sty. Now the question which suggests itself is this—Was this tale invented merely to account for the place-names referred to, or have we here a reference to the first introduction of tame pigs into North Wales? We are aware that the domestic pig is supposed to be coeval in this country with the first race of men who inhabited it; still it would perhaps be worth while knowing what early traces of the pig have been found in the hill-forts of Gwynedd.

The principal of these last was *Caer Dathyl*, where Math held his weird court; there is every reason to suppose it to be the one now known as Pen y Gaer, midway between Llanrwst and Conway. A second one, of scarcely less importance in the time of war, was that on Penmaen Mawr, the extensive remains of which cannot help striking any one who has his eyes open; we say "open" advisedly, as the present writer has a vivid recollection of the only time he visited them, when he found that one of the most curious objects among them was a tourist who, having read in a guide-book of the so-called British camp there, was wondering where on earth it might be; all his experience of British camps had probably been acquired in the pleasant picnicking to which Volunteer Corps give a week now and then. Another stronghold which was under Math's sway was called *Caer Arianrod*, which seems to have been situated to the west of Camarvon, somewhere near the mouth of the Llyfni; it was the abode of Arianrod, one of Gwydion's mistresses. Her name in the form of *Arianrod* has a thoroughly Celtic ring, and Lady Charlotte Guest in a note has ventured accordingly to assign it the meaning of "Silver-circled"; but, on turning to the original, we find that she is never called *Arianrod*, but always *Aranrot*, the

Celtic origin of which we are strongly inclined to doubt. Possibly the name is still more correctly given as *Aran rot* in an old poem in the Book of Taliesin, where she is also associated with Gwydion ab Don. Unless we are mistaken, we have here a curious instance of the way in which non-Celtic names have been made to take a Celtic form in Welsh literature, and of the difficulty attaching to any attempt to discover traces in this country of a race which occupied it before the Celts.

The most important stronghold in the neighbourhood of *Caer Arianrod* was undoubtedly *Dinas Dinllef*, the situation of which is open to no manner of doubt, as it still exists and bears that name. It is there Gwydion lived, as we read that he took Llew Llaw Gylfes, one of his sons by Arianrod, thither, where he brought him up "until he could manage any horse, and was perfect in features, and strength, and stature." *Dinas Dinllef* is probably the place referred to as the fort of Llew and Gwydion in a dialogue between Taliesin and Ugnach in the twelfth-century manuscript known as the Black Book of Carmarthen; but Mr. Skene says:—"What place is meant it is difficult to say. It was at a river's mouth, and must have been in or near Manau Guotodin." The force of his "must" is, we need hardly say, entirely lost upon us.

It is somewhat strange that no mention has been discovered in Welsh legend of the important hill-fort on the Eifl mountains, known now as *Tre'r Ceiri* or the Giants' Town. This, no doubt, is partly owing to its having had another name than the one it now has; the latter indicates possibly that the Welsh never regarded it as the work of their own race. But this question of race is far too large to be entered upon here, and we shall feel contented with having merely indicated to our readers that there are still a few data left for dealing with it more thoroughly than has ever been attempted hitherto.

In the story of *Branwen* we have the faint echoes of an early invasion of Ireland from this country, while that part of it which relates how *Branwen* was degraded from being the Irish king's wife to be cook for the Court, and how the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, had to come to her and give her a box on the ear every day, will be at once recognized by those who are acquainted with Teutonic legends as being almost identical with a portion of the story related in the Lay of Gudrun. It was hearing of the treatment to which his sister was subjected that determined *Bran* to invade Ireland. Previously to that expedition he is described as holding his court at *Harlech*, or, as it is called in the *Mabinogion*, *Harlech*, which comes pretty near one of the documentary forms of the name, to wit *Hardelegh*; so the Danish origin of the modern name cannot be doubted, and the site must have been a very tempting one to the Danes at a time when vessels could come close to *Harlech* rock. In the story of *Branwen* they come close enough for the men on board to speak to *Bran* on the top, apparently without any inconvenience. Now *Bran* is called the son of *Llyr*, which is a word meaning the sea, and so in the case of *Manawyddan*, his brother, his name in its Gaelic form of *Manannan mac Lir* being that of the eponymus of the Isle of Man. *Manawyddan* is otherwise associated with the sea, but whether *Bran's* expedition to Ireland led to his being called the son of *Llyr* is not very evident, and it would be rash to infer that he is the person referred to in the Black Book in a couplet which runs thus:—

I have been where *Bran* in battle died,
Iwerydd's son famed far and wide.

At any rate it is curious to observe that *Iwerydd* stands in somewhat the same relation to *Iwerddon*, the Welsh name of Ireland, as *Hibernus* would to *Hibernia*; not to mention that the spelling in the original text appears to be *Ywerit*, which some might be tempted to make into *Y Werydd*, the Atlantic. But to return to *Llyr*, it is sometimes confounded with *Lludd*, but in the story of *Kilhwch* and *Olwen*, "the most splendid maiden in the three Islands of the Mighty and in the three Islands Adjacent," for whom Gwythyr, the son of *Greadawl*, and Gwynn, the son of *Nudd*, fight every first of May until the day of doom," is duly called "Creiddylad, the daughter of *Lludd Llaw Ereint*." This is Shakespeare's *Cordelia*, daughter of King *Lear*, in spite of the difference between *Creiddylad* and *Cordelia*; but that is somewhat reduced when, instead of the former, we take the oldest Welsh form extant—namely, that in one of the Black Book poems already referred to, where Gwynn ab *Nudd* calls her *Crenrdilad*. This last in a still earlier form was probably *Crouddilat* or *Crauddilat*, whence the forms usual in English and modern Welsh seem to have been derived by omitting the first and second *r* respectively. The name has its parallel in Welsh in *Eurddylad*, where *eur* is the word for gold, and the rest is obscure. In the other name, *crei* (for an earlier *creur*) is represented in modern Welsh by the word *crain*, which now only means a relic in the ecclesiastical sense; but, as it is a term of endearment which *Dafydd* ab *Gwilym*, among others, used to apply to his sweetheart, its original signification may perhaps have been that of a trinket, a jewel, or anything precious. *Cymbeline* is another instance in point of Shakespeare's forms of British names not being based on those which they had among the Welsh of his time, when, for example, *Cymbelineus* had undoubtedly become with them *Cynfelym*, as it is still written. Moreover, it is curious that, whatever the old legend about "the most splendid maiden in the three Islands of the Mighty" may have been, Welsh and English literature seem to have preserved two portions of it which are entirely unconnected, except that the former allows it to be inferred that she remained with her father to the last; while the latter alone dwells on her filial piety in doing so, and

contrasts her conduct with that of her sisters, whose names occupy no conspicuous place in Welsh tradition. Perhaps we should rather say that they are altogether ignored by it; but this opinion must be taken for what it is worth, as these remarks have been penned far away from the requisite means of inquiring into its soundness.

THE LONDON SCIENCE CLASS-BOOKS.*

THE five small volumes before us belong to a series in the course of publication for the purpose of supplying scientific manuals adapted for use in schools. The joint editors of this series are Professor G. C. Foster and Mr. Philip Magnus, whose names guarantee that sound science only will be found in the pages of the class-books. Unfortunately, we have not an equal warrant for hoping that the subjects treated will be presented in an attractive form to the readers; and a fear that some of the eminent men whose names appear as authors of the present and forthcoming manuals would be unable to write down to the level of those for the use of whom they are intended, is justified by a careful perusal of Mr. Magnus's work on hydrostatics and pneumatics. There can be no question of the excellent quality of the matter he gives us; but, on considering for whom the book has been written, we cannot help thinking that the author has erred in attempting to impart far too high a degree of scientific information. His pages bristle with algebraic formulae, the very sight of which makes many boys turn with positive loathing from works on physical science; and we fear that this manual, small though it be, will prove large enough to inspire most of those into whose hands it is put with the reverse of love for the subject of which it treats. Of course we fully appreciate the value of mathematics as an instrument of investigation, and admit that science is high in proportion as it is susceptible of mathematical treatment; but we are mindful of the fact that to the large majority of schoolboys the higher branches of mathematics are simply odious, and not unfrequently absolutely incomprehensible. That elementary physics can be taught without demanding of the pupil such a preliminary training in mathematics as is necessary before he can make use of Mr. Magnus's book was long ago proved by the success of Dr. Lardner's writings in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and of Dr. Neil Arnott's *Elements of Physics*. Those books often inspired the reader with genuine enthusiasm; and, although the subject was so treated in them that a knowledge of the simple rules of arithmetic was alone necessary for the student to understand the reasoning, we have known of more than one University graduate with high honours in physical science who has acknowledged that to those simply written works he was indebted for having excited in him such an interest in the subject that he was stimulated to follow it up to its highest development. But, although it is quite plain that the author demands a somewhat high mathematical training from those who are to study his book, it is a little uncertain whether or not he expects this to include a knowledge of solid geometry. Section 13 is devoted to a statement of the geometrical ratios of the circle, sphere, cylinder, and cone, in order that the student may not be at a loss when he meets with a problem in which a knowledge of these is presupposed. But, if the learner has an acquaintance with the geometry of solids, this information will be entirely superfluous; if he has not, he has no business to attempt the solution of such problems. Mr. Magnus seems to have fallen into the error which De Quincey attributed to Kant—namely, elliptical reasoning. He has such complete and thorough mastery of his subject that propositions for the establishment of which a long train of deduction is required probably appear to him axiomatic, and he has perhaps credited the youth of England with sufficient intellectual grasp to perceive at once the necessary truth of the geometrical ratios referred to. This we are the more inclined to think from having found in the section on the principle of flotation that he refers to the "centre of buoyancy," without giving any definition of what this means; and we are by no means sure that the average schoolboy will find it out for himself. Other instances of the author's assuming too much knowledge on the part of his readers we find in his use of the words "hydric-sulphate" and "hydric-chloride." We are not of those who regard the modern chemical nomenclature as mere pedantry; but we do think the employment of such terms simply ridiculous in a work for the study of which it will hardly be maintained that a previous knowledge of chemistry ought to be required. Let us suppose that the student wishes to make the experiment on the diffusion of liquids mentioned in section 81—in how many chemists' shops in London does Mr. Magnus think that sulphuric acid could be obtained by asking for it under the name of "hydric-sulphate"? We regret having been obliged to make such strictures on this volume; for the author writes with great clearness, and his work may be studied with both profit and pleasure by students who are already well grounded in mathematics.

* *The London Science Class-Books*. Elementary Series. Edited by Professor G. C. Foster, F.R.S., and Philip Magnus, B.Sc., B.A.
Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. By Philip Magnus, B.Sc., B.A.
Botany.—*Outlines of Morphology and Physiology*. By W. R. McNab, M.D., F.L.S., Professor of Botany, Royal College of Science for Ireland.
Botany.—*Classification of Plants*. By the same Author.
Zoology of the Invertebrate Animals. By Alexander Macalister, M.D., Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Dublin.
Zoology of the Vertebrate Animals. By the same Author.
 London: Longmans & Co.

We have read Professor McNab's volume on the Morphology and Physiology of plants with much pleasure. The author is well known as an original worker in the field of vegetable physiology, and his chapters on this part of the subject are highly interesting. The work is beautifully illustrated, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press having permitted the woodcuts from the translation of Sachs's *Text-Book of Botany* to be used both in this class-book and in the other from the pen of the same author. Dr. McNab admits the present volume to be of a somewhat advanced type. In his preface he expresses a hope that "this work may serve as a basis for the botanical teaching in the higher classes of schools, and may also supply the wants of medical students and others who wish to acquire some knowledge of Botany, either as a preparation for the further study of that science or as a branch of General Biology." He further warns the teacher that actual demonstration from botanical specimens must always supplement the information in the class-book, personal observation and practical work being the only means by which the student can obtain a sound knowledge of the subject. Nevertheless we think this work utterly unsuitable for use in schools. The information contained in it seems to us to be such as might with justice be expected from candidates for honours in the botanical examination for degrees in medicine or science. We think that the medical student, at least, would have just cause of complaint were a thorough knowledge of the matter in Professor McNab's volume to be demanded of him as necessary for a simple pass examination. The author has himself enjoyed exceptional opportunities for practical work, and apparently cannot realize that the demonstration of specimens such as those figured requires an amount of skill which is not likely to be possessed save by a small proportion of science-teachers in schools. But, besides this, we see not the smallest reason why more than the simplest notions of vegetable histology should be included in elementary instruction in botany. No one expects that one botanical student in a hundred will ever follow up the study of the ultimate tissues of plants; and Dr. McNab will probably willingly admit that, unless the student work with his own hands at this subject, his knowledge of it is not likely to be an intellectual gain. But not only is the author's matter unsuitable for elementary instruction, his manner is sometimes not a little obscure. The following sentences will puzzle a large proportion of youthful readers:—

When cells are separate and free, or on the surface of the plant, thickening may be external (centrifugal thickening) as well as internal (centripetal thickening), and it is by external thickening that the markings on spores, pollen-grains, and the exterior of some seeds are produced. The importance of growth by intussusception is at once seen in external thickening of cells, because there no incrustation or deposition of new matter can possibly take place.

How "centrifugal thickening" takes place the author does not say. Perhaps he means by the expression the mere drying and shrivelling of the external layers of the cell; but we cannot think it applicable to such a process, or to any other than "incrustation or deposition of new matter," which, however, we are inclined to agree with the author in thinking cannot possibly take place. In these days, too, when the classics are being more and more set aside to make room for science, it is especially needful that the literal meaning of terms derived from the ancient languages should be distinctly explained, and the root given in the Roman as well as in the original characters, when it comes from a Greek source. Yet we find in almost every page of the work before us such words as "anastomose," "meristem," "protomeristem," "phloem," "xylem," "phellogen," "phycoerythrin," and the like, without a word of explanation as to the origin of these terms. Such words should certainly not be used by any one ignorant of their meaning; and if the author will recall to mind his own schoolboy days, he may remember how few were those of his companions whose thirst for knowledge was great enough to induce them to consult an etymological dictionary when they stumbled on a word the origin of which was unknown to them. If, however, we admit the modern schoolboy to be of superior metal and willing to give himself the trouble of finding out what the uncouth words we have mentioned above really mean, we must also admit that he will search English dictionaries in vain for any of them except "anastomose" and he is not to be blamed if he is incompetent to consult a Greek lexicon, seeing that a knowledge of this language is now deemed so unimportant that the highest degrees in law, medicine, and science may be granted by the University of London to candidates who are not obliged to know even its alphabet. Should a second edition of this manual be called for, we hope that the deficiency we have pointed out may be made good, either by means of a glossary or by the roots of the hard words being given as they occur in the text.

To the student who has mastered the volume just noticed the book on the Classification of Plants by the same author will offer no difficulty. Although the subject is one which can only be studied in the presence of the actual objects, text-books are necessary as guides and supplements to practical work; and Dr. McNab's manual is well suited for this purpose. We are glad to see that he has adopted the method of arrangement which was used by Lindley in his classical work, the *Vegetable Kingdom*—that, namely, in which the plants are referred to their natural places in the order of their comparative simplicity. The author groups the plants in much the same manner as Lindley; but in this work the "order" corresponds to the "alliance" of Lindley, and the "family" to the "natural order" of De Candolle and the

other older botanists. This change is, we think, a mistake; the term "Natural Order" has obtained universal acceptance in its older meaning; and now that Lindley's system of grouping the natural orders has come into favour, we think it would have been only fair to the memory of our great English botanist had the term he used to denote the groups been also adopted. Dr. McNab's two volumes deserve success; but if they attain it, it will be due to their being used by advanced students of the science, not by schoolboys.

The student of animal life has the advantage over the botanist in having his subject well broken up into its component parts of zoology, anatomy, physiology, and histology; and the zoologist, handling the subject of the classification and habits of animals, though he founds his classification on anatomical and physiological principles, does not enter into greater detail on those matters than is necessary for his own special department. The study of zoology is generally attractive to young people, and they could not have better class-books on the subject than Professor Macalister's two volumes. The author uses as few technical terms as possible, and rarely forgets to explain the meaning of those he does employ, having evidently kept in mind the fact that he was writing not for learned men, but for those as yet untaught in science. The woodcuts are not so good as those in the botanical manuals; but they are clear enough to convey very just ideas of as much anatomy as is necessary to understand the subject. The author of course recommends practical work, by which he means *dissection*, as the only method of obtaining accurate ideas of animal organization. This description of practical work will always be repulsive to the majority of learners; but the investigation of the habits of animals is perhaps no less important a part of zoology, and is one which rarely fails to interest even those who are no lovers of the creatures concerned. Dr. Macalister's manuals are models of what elementary treatises should be, and they deserve to become general favourites, not only in schools, but in the Universities also. The thanks of the public are due both to the author and the publishers for having supplied such excellent class-books of zoology at so low a price.

HIBERNIA VENATICA.*

THIS book is a reprint of a series of letters which appeared in the *Field* describing the doings of various packs of hounds in Ireland during the season 1876-77, and its illustrations consist of photographic portraits of ladies in their riding-habits. Our first duty is to point out a great merit which distinguishes this from most other works on hunting. Instead of recording the prowess of the author in the field, his personal exploits are carefully concealed. We are never told that he had a good place in a run, although we sometimes learn that he was left behind. For a sporting writer, his humility is quite amazing. Even in referring to himself as a member of a certain hunt, he calls himself a very humble unit. Throughout the entire book there is not a single word of self-glorification. Another great virtue in the writer is that he never says an unkind thing of anybody. When he cannot praise he is silent. The critic looks with envy on such a paragon of charity, and wishes that his own duties permitted the invariable exercise of the same virtue. At any rate it is permitted to him to praise it when he sees it in others, and we may truly observe that in the course of our perusal of *Hibernia Venatica* we have not met with a single unkind remark from one end to the other.

As to the book itself, it is, we are sorry to say, utterly unreadable. Very likely, when the letters which it contains were printed in the *Field*, they may have interested those who were familiar with the parts of Ireland which were the scenes of the sport therein described; but these same letters bound up in a bulky volume, some time after the dates of the events which they chronicle, are quite another matter. The City article in the *Times* may be of absorbing interest on the morning of its publication; but, if we were in want of light and entertaining reading, we should not exactly select a volume containing a series of monetary articles at least twelve months old, even if they were embellished with photographs of pretty women. The very best of newspaper reprints are dryish reading, and rarely prove amusing. With however great interest the communications of a Special Correspondent may be studied as they appear day by day during a war, but few people care to read them when reprinted in a book after the war is over. There have existed many weak-minded people who have republished their letters to newspapers, in the forms of books or pamphlets, and their efforts have been attended by failure in something like ninety-nine cases out of every hundred; nor has better success usually followed the reprint of articles. Work specially written with a view to its publication in the form of a book may eventually prove successful, even when first brought out in a newspaper; but in such a case it generally fails to be forcible as a specimen of journalism. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no doubt that most collections of old newspaper letters or articles are a singularly unattractive kind of reading; and of this the volume before us is a very unhappy example. Of the thirty chapters contained in the book, at least twenty-five so closely resemble each other as to be like so many bad copies of a bad original. At the head of each chapter are some lines of verse, and then follows a laboured opening, which has evidently cost the

writer much trouble. Most people are probably aware of the difficulties which frequently attend the beginning of a letter. Sympathy should therefore be felt for the author of *Hibernia Venatica*, as each of his chapters is a fresh and separate letter. Having managed by some means to start himself, he informs his readers of the exact state of the weather; indeed a large part of this bulky green volume consists of a treatise upon what the author calls "atmospheric conditions." Then the narrative begins. On the Monday he hunted with such a pack of hounds which met at such a place, and found at this cover and lost or killed their fox at the other. On the Tuesday he went out with another pack, and on Wednesday with the first-named again, and so on. We cannot say that the descriptions of the runs are written with spirit. They are dull and flat. The author's idea of enjoying a run seems to be to "survey the scene from a hilly coign of vantage." A short and concise account of a run with hounds, though dry, may have a certain interest if it tells where the hounds went and the time occupied; again, a detailed description, full of life and spirit, may be most amusing; but a narrative which combines the dryness of the former with the length of the latter is even duller reading than a Sunday book. In the work before us there are most tedious lists of the people who appeared at the different meets. In one of these we counted more than forty names. Sometimes the horses as well as the riders are described, with their names, and occasionally even their pedigrees. Now and then we are even told who drove to the meets in carriages. The worst of these lists of names is that the same occur so often. Possibly it may be a matter of interest that Mr. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B. went out hunting on Monday, and we are content to accept the fact; but we do not care to know that they were out again on Tuesday, and human patience becomes exhausted at reading that they hunted again on Wednesday. We are fully aware that a great deal of rain annually falls in Ireland, but we should have been quite contented to have been told that the weather was wet, without being treated to long and wordy descriptions of the warring of the elements.

That was an evil day on which some mistaken philanthropist took it into his head to publish sixpenny books of familiar Latin and French quotations. Surely he deserved to be placed in the same category with the Scotchman who took a thistle to Australia. Some of this pernicious literature seems to have found its way to Ireland. Quotations abound in *Hibernia Venatica*. If a huntsman's top-boots are bespattered with mud, they look like "the most thickly populated stellar region in the celestial globe":—

— incedas per undas
Suppositas cespiti doloso.

"The lines of Virgil occur as I ponder these things":—

Quam quibus in patriam ventosa per aquora vectis,
Pontus et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.

The very fox "illustrates the Augustan bard's couplet":—

— non lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

One man was *terra marique potens*, and in the family of another it might be said:—

— Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus.

If a man gets a fall out hunting he becomes *hors de combat*—*horresco referens*. Evidently one must brush up one's classics if one wants to hunt in Ireland. Mr. M. O'Connor Morris seems to be a modern Pangloss, or, as he himself would probably say, "Dr. Pangloss Redivivus." Even the hard riders are of the "*noli me tangere* order." We all have our little weaknesses, and the besetting sin of the author of *Hibernia Venatica* is a love of grand words and fine phrases. Steel traps are no longer steel traps (we are writing of an Irish book, be it remembered), but "vulpescent engines"; a fox is a "vulp," and a sleepy fox is a "sounnolent hen-harrier." Cub-hunting takes place in the "hiatus between the close of the grouse and partridge campaign and the commencement of fox-hunting," in "early and intempestive hours"; and, during these "matutinal forays," "the young foxes are indoctrinated early into the sweet uses of adversity, and taught how to pluck the flower safety out of the nettle danger." In a graceful allusion to the "harrying of the timid hare," the writer tells us that the *bouquet de lièvre* is sometimes a more "titillating stimulant to hounds" than the scent of a fox; and he observes of one occasion that "the merry little muggers were very vociferous over the single short-running specimen that turned out for their delectation." He tells us of a pack of hounds which were "meditating an odorous assault" upon a hare, and this odorous assault took place upon a "grassy arena." In describing the country he says:—

"Cedunt arbores qui alteri seculo prosint," was the motto of our forebears, in lieu of the "*serit*" of the poet, and square miles of unshaded greenery make one imagine that in some past generation a legion of arboricultural Gladstones had been suddenly let loose over the land, with orders to leave no sylvan or leafy thing standing.

He rises to still higher eloquence over the weather:—

For three subsequent days if my memory serves me, did the Hyades, the Pleiades, and all the patrons and patronesses of the watery element who had ever been translated to the galaxy above by the pantheistic Ovid, fight in their courses against stag-hunting. A week ago, and it seemed odds on a recurrence of a similar rainy experience. The brimming rivers were flooding their callow lands everywhere, and there appeared no pause or intermission of the downpour. Since Saturday, however, the weather has worn quite another aspect. *Sat prata biberunt* was the edict, and the refreshed pastures of Meath and Dublin never shone in a richer lustre of green; nature, in the perfect hush and lull which succeeded the fierce rain

* *Hibernia Venatica*. By M. O'Connor Morris, Author of "Triviatia; or, Crossroad Chronicles of Passages in Irish Hunting History." With Photographs. London: Chapman & Hall. 1878.

tempests, never wore a lovelier aspect. The air was balmy, and the poet's or poetaster's couplet,

If thou wouldst see green Erin aright,
View it in autumn's mellow light;

was never better realized by tourists and visitors to our many points of interest and natural beauty.

Hunting is a "prophylactic" for the evils of absenteeism, and brings that "huge desideratum," capital, to the Emerald Isle. Among the "sport questors" are several masters of hounds, and these "adventu" have never failed to justify their elections to the "venatic presidency." Ireland is "being very largely exploited as a hunting centre," though of what hunting "arenas" it is the centre we do not know, unless some of the Hibernian packs make their odorous assaults in St. George's Channel or the Atlantic Ocean. It is interesting to read in an account of a stag-hunt that—

It was quite evident, whatever be the proper term for the *odora vis* of deer, that rose—call it by any name you please—was shedding a perfume most enjoyable and titillating to the nostrils of the big dog pack.

There will in future be some romance even in putting on one's breeches, for in doing so we are told that we are "casing our lower and middle man in the skins of wild beasts," which should be "well tanned and white as the driven snow." Badly tanned breeches would, we should think, be as odorous as the assaults of the hounds. We are sorry to spoil the poetry of these observations about breeches, but the skins of which they are usually made are not those of beasts which are wild—rather the contrary, in fact. Our livery is to be "the national red; for the analogy of war's image must be complete, the properties *en règle*." That the Meath Hounds were to meet at Summerhill might seem a somewhat ordinary fact. Let us see what our author makes of it:—"Mr. Kelly, printer, Navan, the *Field*, *Bell's Life*, the *Sporting Gazette*, the *Irish Sportsman and Farmer*, and I know not how many more organs and oracles of sport, proclaimed with the trumpet of the mighty press, *urbi et orbi*, that the Meath Vehmgericht would hold its session at Summerhill." As if this were not enough, we are informed that the said Summerhill "is a post town in the parish of Larracor, barony of Lower Moy Feuragh, county of Meath and province of Leinster, five miles from Trim, seventeen W.N.W. from Dublin." But this is not all, for we are still further enlightened about this interesting village. It contains 49 houses and 331 inhabitants; it is a sheep fair; it is accessible by two lines of railway; but if our readers wish to know more of Summerhill, they must really search Mr. O'Connor Morris's book for themselves. We are no longer to use such vulgar terms as fine and wet. On the contrary, we are to speak of the atmosphere as being "diaphanous," or "hyperborean," and muddy fields are to be described as having "small lacustrine systems." It is a matter for congratulation that a writer should have been found so capable of revealing the beauties of the English language. How many authors would have known no better than to say that after the frost and snow came a thaw, instead of elegantly remarking that "this terraqueous section of the globe, after having resumed for a brief interval the nature of a crust, had relapsed again into a state of crumb and pulp and gelatinism." We have heard of people who did not call a spade a spade; but here is one who writes of a gallant captain who "turned his sword into an agricultural or pastoral implement." After all this fine language, we were astonished to meet with such words as "soakingest," and "shoppingest," and such an expression as "men" who "seemed very full of ride and jump." The author seems to have mistaken his profession, for he was clearly intended by nature for an art critic. Thus he describes one of those gems of painting, a hunt picture:—"I never saw anything more lifelike than many of the figures which it contains, more perfection of truth in the various attitudes." It is, in short, a work of art, he tells us, which has been "faithfully limned." But so versatile are the author's talents that he would in all probability have shone with equal brilliancy as a Court newsmen. The faithfulness and loyalty with which he chronicles the appearances and proceedings of "His Royal Highness Colonel the Duke of Connaught" in every chapter, if not in every page, are beyond praise. His Royal Highness might, we should think, refer to the volume as a useful diary. For ourselves, we can only say that we hope that what the author calls "a few lustrums" may elapse before we again have the honour of wading through one of his books.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE new edition of M. Philaret Chasles's complete works is in steady progress, the latest instalment being a volume of essays on England.* The witty and amusing lecturer of the Collège de France had bestowed considerable attention on the literature, the politics, and the social life of this country, and the knowledge he possessed of the subject contrasted very favourably with the crass ignorance of most Frenchmen. Take up, for example, Ledru Rollin's once famous pamphlet *De la décadence de l'Angleterre*—is it possible to imagine an absurder production? "Nous félicitons M. Ledru Rollin," says M. Philaret Chasles, "d'avoir acquis une si profonde ignorance de l'Angleterre"; and the criticism is as just as it is lively. The reader who turns to the present volume need not be afraid of meeting with the blunders which disfigured every page of Ledru Rollin's forgotten invective. It is

* *L'Angleterre politique*. Par Philaret Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

only necessary to examine the preface of M. Chasles in order to see that he understands England. Every one grumbles, he remarks, on the other side of the Channel, and this universal bad temper is the safety of Great Britain. Such is the axiom which serves him as a text, and from which he deduces a series of excellent practical lessons. The worship of the absolute, of the ideal, he goes on to say, is a kind of madness unknown in England since the Revolution of 1688. The high priests of the absolute are the worst enemies of freedom; therefore, if the English mean to preserve their liberty, let them stick to facts and to realities. Thirteen essays follow on various subjects, literary and political, and as one of the topics discussed is M. Louis Blanc's series of letters on England, we may easily imagine that M. Philaret Chasles does not let so good an opportunity pass of denouncing once more his bugbear—the absolute.

M. Charvériat has just published two thick octavo volumes* on the history of the Thirty Years' War. We do not see that access to any fresh documents gives special interest to this production; but the author has made excellent use of the innumerable materials already available, and the references contained in the footnotes bear ample witness to his industry and his desire to be accurate. M. Charvériat regrets in his preface that the French sources of knowledge on the Thirty Years' War are still so scanty, comparatively speaking, in spite of the details supplied by the *Mercur*, the collections of memoirs, and the correspondence of Richelieu and Mazarin. This state of things is owing to the annoying and ridiculous system of exclusiveness still in force at the French Record Office, which has been so often and so vigorously denounced by M. Armand Baschet. If the treasures of the Foreign department were accessible to students and available for publication, we should in all probability discover the true solution of many a political puzzle in the history of the Thirty Years' War, as well as in that of other important epochs.

Mr. Augustus Craven was private secretary to Lord Normanby when ambassador in Paris, and his official position gave him many opportunities of knowing the complications of international politics, so far as France and England were concerned. He tells us in the preface to the volume before us† that Lord Palmerston attached the utmost importance to the French alliance, and that in his opinion the stability of the *entente cordiale* was intimately connected with the peace of Europe and with the progress of true liberty. From this point of view Mr. Craven has attempted to make a selection from Lord Palmerston's correspondence, and to bring it out in a French dress. The first volume is now published, and it will no doubt excite a considerable amount of attention on the part of French readers who cannot easily study in the original the work edited by Lord Dalling and Mr. Evelyn Ashley. An appendix contains the letters exchanged in 1846 between King Louis Philippe, M. Guizot, and M. Bresson, on the subject of the Spanish marriages; these documents appeared for the first time in the *Revue Rétrospective* shortly after the Revolution of 1848.

The interesting and learned work of Professor Angelo de Gubernatis on the mythology of the animal kingdom has long been appreciated by competent critics; it was originally written in Italian, and a French translation of it from the pen of M. Paul Regnaud was published four years ago. We are now asked to study the legends connected with the vegetable world‡, and on this occasion the author has addressed his French readers in their own language. He gives his work the form of a lexicon, hoping that many of the articles of which it consists may be examined, revised, and completed by his fellow-labourers in the wide domains of comparative mythology and philology, and that the materials may thus be gradually accumulated for a general dictionary giving a key to all the legends which the various aspects of creation have produced. The first volume, which is now before us, contains an excellent preface on the formation and geographical modifications of myths; the articles which follow bear on the vegetable world generally, the notices of special plants being reserved for further consideration. The articles on Adam's tree, on garlands, wreaths, and chaplets of flowers, and on the famous *Moly* so well known to Homeric students, may be named amongst the most interesting.

Lamartine's political speeches had already been published, but in a comparatively expensive form; the present edition, intended for wide circulation§, differs from the previous one in containing a few additional pieces, whilst two have been omitted. It gives us also by way of preface the essay entitled *Politique rationnelle* which appeared for the first time in 1831. The introduction to the collection is from the pen of M. Louis de Ronchard, who, with the help of his distinguished friend's memoirs and correspondence, has been able to draw a portrait which, on the whole, is remarkably correct.

To M. de Lacretelle, another personal friend of Lamartine, we are indebted for a volume|| which contains many valuable notices of men, books, ideas, and events. If M. de Lacretelle is sometimes too eager in his admiration, this fault is to a certain extent excused by the contents of his volume.

* *Histoire de la guerre de Trente Ans*. Par E. Charvériat. Paris: Plon.

† *Lord Palmerston; sa correspondance intime*. Traduite par M. Augustus Craven. Tome I. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Mythologie des plantes, ou les légendes du règne végétal*. Par Angelo de Gubernatis. Tome I. Paris: Reinwald.

§ *La politique de Lamartine, choix de discours et écrits politiques*. London and Paris. L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Lamartine et ses amis*. Par Henri de Lacretelle. Paris: Dreyfous.

Without being a *gallophage*, M. Baumgarten is not disposed to see France from a very favourable point of view.* But in order to avoid the accusation of calumny, he shields himself behind the authority of French writers. It might perhaps be said that he has carefully selected extracts of the most damaging nature, and that therefore his impartiality is questionable; at any rate, however, it is interesting to know what such men as MM. Proudhon, Taine, Roqueplan, and Feydau think of their fellow-countrymen, and in this series of sketches every shade of opinion comes in for its due amount of blame. Freethinkers are roughly handled as well as clericals, *gandins* as well as politicians. Literature is called to account for the social decomposition of France, and the follies of "spiritism" are described as growing from the ruins of religious thought.

The indefatigable M. Maisonneuve is as busy as ever with philological publications. Let us notice first the Grammar of Modern Greek † composed by M. Emile Legrand, who has already done so much for the cause of Hellenism. The author has had in view two classes of students:—first, those who are anxious to know something about the speech which has succeeded to the language of Sophocles and Plato; and next, persons engaged in commerce, and desirous of using their grammatical knowledge in carrying on business with Athens or the Levant. The work will be found extremely useful by scholars belonging to both these classes. The lexicological part of the volume is the newest and most original; the syntax is based upon the treatises of Schinas and David. M. Legrand's introduction contains a list of the principal grammars of modern Greek published since the beginning of the present century, particular attention being drawn to the work of M. Chrysovergis, whose theory of the declensions is so remarkable that it is reprinted *in extenso*. M. Legrand adds to his volume the *Panorama of Greece*, an essay composed by the celebrated poet, Alexander Soutsos, which appeared for the first time at Nauplia in 1833.

The term *Zend* ‡ is so thoroughly sanctioned by common use since the days of Anquetil-Duperron that it seems convenient to retain it, although it is a merely conventional expression, signifying *commentary* or *interpretation*. If we may believe M. Hovelacque, the language of the Persian cuneiform inscriptions is contemporary with that known by the name of Zend, the only distinction being that the former was spoken by the Western and the latter by the Eastern populations; both have their respective characteristics of linguistic superiority and inferiority, so that it would be impossible to assign to the one a decided advantage over the other. There exist already three principal grammars of the Zend language. M. Haug's is very incomplete; M. Justi has condensed into a small space a number of excellent observations, and the work of M. Spiegel leaves little to be desired; but M. Hovelacque's volume, dealing with points of comparative philology, has still its distinct use, and cannot be regarded as merely occupying the ground already taken possession of by those scholars.

The late M. Garcin de Tassy published some years ago a valuable pamphlet, now reprinted, on the proper names and titles in use amongst Mussulmans §; it deserves to be widely known because the information it contains will serve both to clear up many difficulties in the perusal of historical works, and to help diplomatists, travellers, and people engaged in business to address properly the Mahometans with whom they have to correspond. When we are aware, for instance, that the Emperor whom we know as Aurung-Zebe had four other designations, we feel no longer astonished at the endless puzzles presented to Oriental students by the proper names which they have constantly to meet with. M. Garcin de Tassy has also some interesting remarks on political society amongst the Mahometans; on the absence of an aristocracy, in the sense which the word suggests to Europeans; on the meaning of various titles, &c. By way of appendix we have an essay on the vestments embroidered with Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani inscriptions.

The legislation affecting literary property is still very unsatisfactory in France as well as in other countries, and it is not long since the poems of André Chénier gave rise to a lawsuit which excited a good deal of attention on the other side of the Channel. M. Worms has taken the opportunity afforded by that case to discuss the question in all its bearings ||, and his two volumes may be regarded as containing all the evidence that could be brought together on the subject. The documents collected by him include not only the decree of Germinal I., Year XIII., of the Republic, which still rules the right of literary property, but the various enactments promulgated between 1777 and 1878, the principal debates and trials arising from that decree, and documents illustrating the state of literary jurisprudence in foreign countries. If anything could show the imperative necessity of settling once for all this important question, it would be the numerous law reports and *pièces justificatives* which M. Worms has so industriously commented upon. M. Alphonse Karr once said, "*La*

propriété littéraire est une propriété"; this is a truism which is not even yet universally accepted as a truth, and it ought to be the motto of the excellent work for which we have to thank M. Worms.

The French *bourgeoisie* dates its accession to power from the reign of Philippe-le-Bel; feudalism then received its first blow, and although it was not destroyed at once, yet it was evident that power was passing from the hands of knights and barons to those of the legists. From the days of Philippe-le-Bel to those of Louis XV. the influence of the Third Estate grew steadily, and it was reserved for it as one of its last and most important triumphs to supply the King with a mistress. We must read the first chapter of MM. de Goncourt's volume to see how the onward march of the *bourgeoisie* was accomplished, and to note the various stages of its progress. It is rather humiliating, no doubt, that the name of Mme. de Pompadour should appear as one of these landmarks; but history is there, and it is of no use to protest against facts. We are inclined to think that Mme. de Maintenon could claim as well as Jeanne Antoinette Poisson the honour of being a *bourgeoise*; let us, however, bow to the authority of MM. de Goncourt and enjoy the volume with which they have presented us. The method adopted by these gentlemen in treating historical subjects is sufficiently known; pamphlets, squibs, catalogues of pictures and drawings, anecdotes, all the gossip which serious writers usually neglect as not dignified enough, is pressed into the service, and the result in the present case is a monograph of much interest.* It need scarcely be said that the life of Mme. de Pompadour, the description of the Court of Versailles during the latter half of the reign of Louis XV., and the account of the state of France are not very edifying; but the perusal of such a volume is perhaps the best safeguard against an undue admiration of "the good old times." At any rate, the estimate given by MM. de Goncourt of Louis *bien aimé's* mistress has long since received the unanimous sanction of posterity, when they say in their concluding chapter that she was "a rare example of moral ugliness." Selfishness, duplicity, rascality (*coquinerie* is the word used by the authors), ambition, an utter want of generosity—such was Mme. de Pompadour; and yet she managed to number amongst her friends Choiseul, Quesnay, and Voltaire.

M. Van den Berg's compact little handbook † will be found very useful by students who either cannot afford the time to read the works of MM. Maspero and Lenormant, or who wish to have in a summarized form the results of their labours. It is divided into four parts, corresponding respectively to the ancient history of (1) Egypt, (2) Assyria and Babylonia, (3) Media and Persia, (4) Phœnicia. Each chapter is preceded by a brief indication of the sources to be consulted, and is illustrated by maps and woodcuts; the appendix contains an attempt to settle as accurately as possible the chronology of the ancients, and a few simple statements respecting the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the cuneiform characters, and the Phœnician alphabet.

The Spanish provinces with which Frenchmen are best acquainted are precisely those which are the furthest from the Pyrenees. Madrid, Andalusia, Cordova, Seville, Granada, and Cadix have been visited from end to end by travellers who know absolutely nothing about the Basques and the Navarrese. Yet between these two last-named peoples and the French there are affinities which the southern districts of the peninsula do not offer; besides, the political events of the last few years have given considerable interest to what used to be called "the kingdom of Don Carlos"; and, finally, in point of natural scenery, the mountains of Navarre and Alava, and the valley of Guipuzcoa can hold their own against the basins of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. Writing under this impression, M. Louis Lande has composed a little volume ‡ which may be recommended to tourists in quest of unexplored or imperfectly known localities.

The description of Constantinople translated from the Italian of Signor Edmondo de Amicis § is the work of a shrewd and patient observer who has attentively studied both the merits and defects of the Turkish race; and who, whilst thoroughly disbelieving the possibility of converting the subjects of the Sultan to European civilization, is still of opinion that the destinies of Stamboul are not yet accomplished. Anecdotes, historical episodes, sketches of scenery and political remarks, contribute in equal shares to make up this volume.

M. Henri Bellenger has translated into modern French a selection of extracts from the travels of Marco Polo. || The pieces chosen are very interesting; and the editor, whilst altering words and phrases which could not be easily understood now, has preserved as much as possible the general colouring of the original. Copious foot-notes are added, derived from the best authorities.

Educational books of every kind abound, and here we have again to notice in the foremost rank the publications of Messrs. Hachette. The First French Book compiled by M. Henri Bué ¶,

* *La France contemporaine, ou les Français peints par eux-mêmes*. Par J. Baumgarten. London: Nutt.

† *Grammaire Grecque moderne, suivie du panorama de la Grèce d'Alexandre Soutsos*. Publiée par Emile Legrand. Paris: Maisonneuve.

‡ *Grammaire de la langue Zendé*. Par Abel Hovelacque. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Mémoires sur les noms propres et les titres Musulmans*. Par M. Garcin de Tassy. Paris: Maisonneuve.

|| *Etude sur la propriété littéraire*. Par M. Fernand Worms. Paris: Lemerre.

* *Madame de Pompadour*. Par MM. E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Petite histoire ancienne des peuples de l'Orient*. Par M. Van den Berg. London & Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Basques et Navarrais, souvenirs d'un voyage*. Par Louis Lande. Paris: Didier.

§ *Constantinople*. Par Edmond de Amicis. Traduit par Mme. Colomb. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Les récits de Marco Polo, tirés de son livre des merveilles, et mis en langage moderne*. Par H. Bellenger. Paris: Dreyfous.

¶ *The First French Book. Grammar, Conversation and Translation*. Edited by Henri Bué. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

destined for beginners, has obtained a success which it fully deserves by the method with which the rules of grammar are unfolded, and the simplicity with which the author introduces his pupils to the peculiarities of pronunciation, syntactic arrangement, and idiom. The lessons, illustrated by exercises and vocabularies, lead the way to a selection of choice extracts, and two very full vocabularies complete the volume. The Second French Book*, written on the same plan, is intended for more advanced students, but is still of an elementary character. We are glad to find that M. Bué has availed himself of the opportunity of introducing the new orthographical rules sanctioned by the French Academy in the preface to the seventh edition of its dictionary—rules which consist in substituting the grave accent for the acute in words like *piège*, *siege*, &c. Why we should ever have had the anomaly of *collège* and *protège* is a fact which has not yet been accounted for. The Second French Book is really a continuation of the first, and gives amongst other interesting and useful items a synopsis of the previous volume.

M. du Moncel's excellent little treatise on the telephone, the microphone, and the phonograph†, is copiously illustrated, describing the various kinds of instruments, the fundamental principles according to which they are constructed, and the applications of which they are capable for military, naval, and domestic purposes. The author, in his anxiety to be as complete as possible, has devoted an appendix to the enumerations of the facts, discoveries, and improvements noticeable since the book was sent to press.

This is the season for almanacs.‡ If we attempted to describe all those now before us, we should require a great deal more room than we can dispose of. The venerable Mathieu Laensberg deserves to be named first, *par droit de naissance*; twenty other candidates for popularity tread on his footsteps—some intensely clerical (*Almanach du Sacré Cœur*;—*du bon Catholique*); others secular, but useful (*Almanach des dames*, *Almanach du Moniteur vinicole*); and many aiming merely at fun, too often of a broad description (*Almanach du Charivari*, *Almanach pour rire*), all profusely illustrated.

Novels and plays are as plentiful as ever. The *vaudevilles* of M. E. Labiche deserve to be specially recommended; the third volume now before us § is amusing without coarseness. But what tales, even if they possessed all the qualities of style and interest which cannot be denied to MM. Cadol || and Louis Ulbach ¶, could stand comparison with the ever-famous productions of Voltaire's wit** and Lesage's admirable powers of observation? †† As for the novelettes of the Chevalier de Boufflers ‡‡, they hardly deserve—even his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Aline, reine de Golconde*—the honours of the sumptuous edition just published by M. Quantin, with an introductory biographical essay from the pen of M. Octave Uzanne. We are told that the eighteenth century admired them; but we must bear in mind that affectation, mannerism, and the most artificial style imaginable were then the order of the day.

* *The Second French Book*. Edited by Henri Bué. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Le téléphone, le microphone, et le phonographe*. Par le comte du Moncel, de l'Institut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Almanachs pour 1879*. Paris: Plon.

§ *Théâtre complet d'Eugène Labiche*. Vol. 3. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Berthe Sigelier*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Simple amour*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Lévy.

** *Romans de Voltaire; avec notices*. Par Fr. Dillaye. Paris: Lemerre.

†† *Le Diable boiteux*. Par Lesage. Avec notice par A. France. Paris: Lemerre.

‡‡ *Contes du chevalier de Boufflers*. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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